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The Critic

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Literature

Mr. Winter's "Wanderers"

Wanderers: Being the Poems of William Winter. New edition. 75 cts. Macmillan & Co.

THE PREVAILING NOTE in Mr. Winter's verse is one of comfortable melancholy. Its technical finish—the carefully adjusted rhymes and well-balanced measures—has the effect of making his work seem somewhat artificial, and the recurrence of certain formal expressions here and there through the poems tends to diminish their charm. Mr. Winter's persistent obituary mood is depressing. Be the lyric short or long, Death is somewhere in the song; and the poet's climaxes are a series of mortuary slabs in a kind of poetical Greenwood. There are ghosts in every chamber, skeletons in every closet, and the whole atmosphere is charged with tears; yet amid all these disquieting and uncanny surroundings the poet moves serenely, touching the lyre-strings to a soft and sweet, minor melody and singing to the accompaniment.

The poems in this new volume are grouped under these several headings: "Love-land": "Tempest": "Love and Death": "Pansies and Rosemary": "Vesper Time": "Tribute and Commemoration." It is under "Pansies and Rosemary" that Mr. Winter's mood brightens. Here we find this delightful lyric belonging to the first order of *vers de société*:

AN EMPTY HEART

(With a Heart-shaped Jewel-box)

Well, since our lot must be to part
(These lots—how they do push and pull one!)
I send you here an empty heart,
But send it from a very full one.

This heart must always do your will,
This heart your maid can fetch and carry,
This heart will faithful be, and still
Will not importune you to marry.
That other, craving hosts of things,
Would throb and flutter, every minute;
But this, except it hold your rings,
Will mutely wait with nothing in it.

That other heart would burn and freeze,
And plague, and hamper, and perplex you,
But this will always stand at ease,
And never pet and never vex you.
Go, empty heart! and if she lift

Your little lid this prayer deliver:
"Ah, look with kindness on the gift,
And think with kindness on the giver."

These are graceful lines indeed; the sentiment is happily expressed, and *this* heart does not cease to beat.

It is perhaps unfair to Mr. Winter to lay so much stress upon the elegiacal character of his verse, when it is as an elegiacist that he has so often written. He is preëminently the poet of "Tribute and Commemoration," and the poems gathered together under this title attest his qualifications and peculiar gifts for this difficult poetic office. Among the departed authors and actors whose memories he has enshrined in verse are George Arnold, Poe, Longfellow, Curtis, Brougham, John Gilbert, Barrett and Wallack. The tributes to the living include lines to Dr. Holmes, Whitelaw Reid,

Booth and Irving. Each of these is admirable in its way. These couplets from the poem in memory of George William Curtis will serve to indicate the poet's manner and general style:—

How shall words our grief abate?—
Call him noble; call him great;
Say that faith, now gaunt and grim,
Once was fair because of him;
Say that goodness, round his way,
Made one everlasting day;
Say he gave us, hour by hour,
Hope and patience, grace and power;
Say his spirit was so true
That it made us noble too;—
What is this, but to declare
Life's bereavement, Love's despair?
Weave the shroud and spread the pall!
Night and silence cover all.

In the final note to this collection, the author says:—"The wish to add something of permanent value to pure literature is honorable and not unnatural; and I am willing to believe that these poems, thoughtfully chosen out of many that I have written, are an authentic contribution to that ancient body of English lyrical poetry of which gentleness is the soul and simplicity the garment. If this estimate of them is wrong, oblivion will soon set it right." Some of these poems are a genuine contribution to English lyrical poetry. All of them have the soul of gentleness and the garment of simplicity.

There are two editions of this volume; one, on hand-made paper, limited to 250; and an ordinary one uniform in size with Mr. Winter's other books. A portrait of the author will be found on page 66.

"Songs and Sonnets"

By Maurice F. Egan. \$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

SO MANY OF OUR modern collections of minor verse are marred by the presence among serious work of trivial rhymes and examples of verse-making which rely upon verbal gymnastics for their success that it is a relief as well as a genuine pleasure to come across a book wholly free from these meretricious performances, and to find a poet who has a sincere regard for his work and shows no tendency to trifle with his song-gift. Such a book is Mr. Maurice Francis Egan's recent collection of songs and sonnets. There is something very attractive about Mr. Egan's verse: though it may never exactly soar to the lofty heights of song, it at least rises above the commonplace, and maintains an even and graceful flight in the clear atmosphere of poesy; and its note is pure, sweet and uplifting. Among the verses in the first section of this book, "Songs and Hymns," there is nothing better than "A Duet in Winter," "Among the Reeds" and "The Old Violin." The last of these is this pleasing fancy:—

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,
Like some great thought on a forgotten page;
The soul of music cannot fade or rust—
The voice within it stronger grows with age;
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—
A master-touch!—its sweet soul wakes and sings.

The half dozen narrative poems, while spirited in movement and possessing a certain vigor of expression at times, do not impress one as being altogether successful. There are few poets who are story-tellers as well, and they only can hope to create poetry of this kind. The third division of Mr. Egan's volume contains his best work. It is as a sonneteer that he is most fortunate. The high average of excellence throughout the entire body of sonnets presented makes it difficult for one to name particular favorites; yet "Theocritus," "The Joy-Bringer" and the group of four entitled "Legends of the Flowers" may be named as sure to delight any lover of the sonnet. The first of the flower legends, called "Of Flowers," and beginning

There were no roses till the first child died,
is an exquisite poem. The final division of poems is made

up of a number of religious pieces, all of them readable, and evidently evoked by the poet's life and experiences. They lack the fine quality of the sonnets, and something of the artistic finish of Mr. Egan's other verse.

From those who have read many of these songs and sonnets as they appeared in the various literary magazines, this pretty volume will receive the warm welcome it deserves.

"Tennyson and 'In Memoriam'"

An Appreciation and a Study. By Joseph Jacobs. 2s. London: David Nutt.

THE "APPRECIATION" in this little book is an extended form of an article on the poet which appeared in *The Academy* of Oct. 19, 1892. While recognizing in some of the poems published in 1842 "the promise of nearly all that was to come"—as in "Ulysses," the "Morte d'Arthur" and "The Two Voices"—it depreciates the English Idylls as "pretty but petty" and "too long drawn out," and sneers at "Lords of Burleigh and Ladies Clare" as "half-justifying the early scoffers, Wilson and the rest"—a verdict in which we fancy that few will now agree. On the other hand, "The Princess," which has often been unfairly treated, is pronounced "the most graceful poem of such length in the language." "In Memoriam" is called Tennyson's "master-piece," and "Maud" is justly rated high. "To the poet of 'In Memoriam' and 'Maud' there seemed no height too high, no poetic exploit too ambitious"; but in the "Idylls of the King" his ambition led him "into spheres of poetic art where his powers, great as they were, were inadequate." The dramas were "even more damaging to his reputation"; but the period that followed in his literary career was the "St. Martin's summer of his muse," marked in the volume of "Ballads," the "Teiresias" and "Demeter" volumes, the new "Locksley Hall," etc., by "achievements of the first order in poetic force."

Our critic strangely sees a conspicuous "want of humor" in Tennyson, as in Wordsworth, "The Northern Farmer" being almost the sole exception—as if there were not many touches of genuine humor in "The Princess" and in all the poems in dialect. For ourself, we should add "The Talking Oak," a poem in which none but a botanist would be likely to recognize the many humorous subtleties of characterization. The poet's accuracy and minuteness of observation in dealing with Nature is commended, but said to be "not immaculate," because "the songster nightingale is always with him the female, not the male, as it is in Nature." The critic adds that he "was probably misled by the myth of Philomela." It would be more correct to say that he generally followed the myth, as the poets are in the habit of doing; but that he was familiar with the ornithological fact is shown by his making the bird masculine in at least two instances: in "The Gardener's Daughter":—

The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day;

and earlier (in 1830) in the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights":—

The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.

Twice in the book (pages 10 and 91) Mr. Jacobs says that the "latest moon" of "In Memoriam," xxi, must certainly be Neptune, "the discovery of which by Professor Adams, substantiated September, 1846, made a great stir at the time." But Tennyson was too familiar with astronomy, which was evidently his special favorite among the sciences, to call a major planet a "moon." It is possible, however, that he referred to the discovery of the satellite of Neptune, which followed hard upon that of the planet. This was the "latest moon" then known, the two moons of Mars and the fifth moon of Jupiter having been detected more recently.

In the study of "In Memoriam" we have much minute information concerning the metrical forms of the poem. The critic is impressed by the "poverty and inaccuracy" of the rhymes. He gives in an appendix a list of the "false rhymes," which "mount up to no less than 168 in 1448 coup-

lets," or one out of nine. But a careful examination of the list reduces the number to 48 or less. Among false rhymes are reckoned "eye rhymes," like *love, move*, which all the poets use freely; rhymes like *ear, hear*, the words differing only by the aspirate—a kind of rhyme condemned by the metre-mongers, but used by Milton (who has *arms, harms* and *high, I*, if no others), and by many a poet since; and "identical rhymes," like *here, hear* and *hours, ours*, which are allowed in Italian poetry and adopted by sundry English poets familiar with Italian—as Milton (*ruth, Ruth* in one of the Sonnets), James Russell Lowell (*holy, wholly*, etc.), and others; and rhymes of dissyllables with monosyllables, like *hour, flower*—absolutely faultless rhymes, the dissyllable being treated as a monosyllable in rhythm as in rhyme by all our poets at their own sweet will. Throwing out all these, we have left some very bad rhymes like *curse, horse*; *is, this*; *seas, peace*; *Lord, guard*; *sphere, there*; *put, short*, etc.

Mr. Jacobs finds only "two cases of false accentuation," the words being *prociress* and *contemplete*; but, according to the best dictionaries, the former is *always* accented on the penultimate syllable, while the latter *may* be so accented, "The Century Dictionary" giving that way the preference.

On page 100 the "J. S." to whom Tennyson addressed a poem is assumed to be "John Sterling," instead of James Spedding, who was one of his intimate friends at the University and in later life. A footnote on page 93 refers to "Dyke's 'Poetry of Tennyson'" (meaning Dr. Henry van Dyke's) as authority for the statement that the Tennyson family left Somersby in 1835. Several writers have made this mistake, the correct date being 1837, as proved by a letter of the poet to Milnes, written in January of that year, in which he says that the removal is to take place "very shortly."

Aside from these slips, and sundry misprints that correct themselves, the book has a certain value for the minute metrical analysis of "In Memoriam" which we have mentioned, and for other comments on the poem to which our limits allow only this passing allusion.

"John Wyclif"

Last of the Schoolmen and First of the English Reformers. By Lewis Sergeant. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN THE SERIES of Heroes of the Nations Nelson has been selected as the embodiment of British naval heroism and Sir Philip Sidney as the type of English chivalry. Yet apart from the battle-deck or field of arms there was an arena in which thought rather than action gave opportunity to the victory of brain and heart. In such an arena John Wyclif stood, and wrought a mighty work equal to Nelson's, with a chivalric zeal equalling that of the self-denying knight at Zutphen. Mr. Sergeant rewrites the story of the fourteenth century in England, and by some new facts and side-lights endeavors to popularize the picture of the Oxford Schoolman. His work is fairly well done, but too much from the purely Anglican side, while on the continental sides his limitations are quite apparent. He does not seem to know what powerful currents of influence from the democratic and anti-papal Low Countries were modifying eastern and southern England. Even the Lollards were not only named after an Antwerp society, but the doctrines of Wyclif were most eagerly imbibed by the Low Countrymen who, in this century, were introducing those industries which have given England her manufacturing supremacy. The weavers—at first, almost to a man, Netherlanders—were heretics or protestants before this name of later origin was written with a capital P.

Wyclif, with an *élan* and chivalric unselfishness equal to a Crusader's, flung himself into the search for the living truth rather than for a sepulchre. The Schoolmen also headed the protest against the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome. In as many ways as there are spellings of his own name he opposed the Roman and emphasized the Catholic part of the faith. He translated, or caused to be translated, the Bible, though his work was never printed until centuries after his

death, and then as a curiosity for linguists. Hence Wyclif's Bible never really got into the hands of the people, though vast good was done with it through the "poor priests" whom he sent out. In a work intended to be popular, Mr. Sergeant would have done well to have given us some light as to Wyclif's methods of translation. Were there any English dictionaries or grammars in those days when English, Dutch and German were so much alike and manuscripts and books were of necessity chained? Mr. Sergeant utilizes somewhat and criticises the work of the late Prof. J. Thorold Rogers. The last chapter is devoted to "the work that lived," but, like the book, lacks white-heat. A higher temperature throughout the work would have been forgiven the author.

"Twelve English Authoresses"

By Mrs. L. B. Walford. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE TWELVE REPRESENTATIVE English women whom Mrs. Walford has selected for her short and vivid sketches might be called the feminine "Twelve Cæsars" of English literature. All are literary peeresses in their own right and all have lived within the last hundred years. Among them are the five incomparable spinsters, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Harriet Martineau, Hannah More and Jane Taylor. The fields sown, ploughed and reaped by these twelve versatile women are singularly wide and comprehensive—mathematics, science, political economy, moral philosophy, poetry and fiction—and reveal the wonderful advance made by the sex at this the climax of the ages.

At least four out of the twelve—Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Elizabeth Barrett Browning—are writers of the first magnitude, probably unequalled in their respective spheres. The two faintest of the fixed stars are Felicia Hemans and Jane Taylor (for whom we might have substituted Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or Margaret Fuller; but then Mrs. Walford's title would have been spoiled). Hannah More impressed generations with the beauty and charm of her life and works. The wits of George III.'s reign tittered over Fanny Burney's wit. The epic badness of Harriet Martineau's temper was only rivalled by the excellence of her short tales. The delicious freshness of Maria Edgeworth's mind reproduced in English literature the aroma exhaling from the writings of Goldsmith. The juxtaposition of the tombs of Jane Austen and William of Wykeham in Winchester Cathedral might point to the fact that each founded a new and great school. The facile rhyme of Felicia Hemans was the fluent forerunner of the deep and most divine verse of Poe's "divinest of women," Mrs. Browning. The one novel of Charlotte Brontë is a triumph of mind over matter and reveals the intellectual might resident in one of the most diminutive of women. Indeed one cannot but notice the vicissitude running through these active, nervous lines, brimming with mental excitements, wrought upon by complex, often inauspicious circumstances. Charlotte Brontë died at 37, Jane Austen at 42, while Hannah More, Madame D'Arblay, Maria Edgeworth and Mary Somerville passed fourscore, the last continuing her immortal gaze on the stars till she was 91. Mrs. Browning, "Mrs." More and Maria Edgeworth (the lady of many stepmothers) were the petted darlings of their families, caressed and pampered in every imaginable way and born to wealth or accumulating it by their ready pens. Harriet Martineau was the "ugly duckling" of an impecunious Nottingham family, angular, aggressive, deaf, all her life a *femme incomprise*, flying and sidgiting from one subject to another (Mrs. Walford mercifully passes over the "magnetic" episode). Dr. Burney fairly giggled over the idea of Fanny's ever becoming a literary something, till that satiric nobody bloomed out one morning into the exquisite humorist of "Evelina," the delight of Dr. Johnson and Burke. Charlotte Brontë's surroundings were as wild as her own impressionable Irish nature, and both she and Mary Somerville had to contend against father and husband and friends, in different ways and at different times, as if they had been their bitterest foes. The smiling beauty of Jane Austen's brief life is in picturesque contrast with the

rugged features of George Eliot's earlier years, overspread with calm as they came to be later. Few cases of extraordinary precocity occur among the twelve women: indeed, Mrs. Somerville, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell were married before their remarkable talent was exhibited, and the world owes thanks incalculable to George Lewes and Dr. Somerville (with Browning) for the fostering care which they took of their gifted wives. One would think this a matter of course; but certainly the careers of Poe and Godwin and Shelley and Byron were not conjugally exemplary, even though their wives were only plain Christian (or un-Christian) women. Jane Austen stands at the head of the list for great things achieved within briefest compass, while Mary Somerville's fondness for logarithms and celestial philosophy is the most unique illustration of that literary *diable au corps*—genius. Six of the twelve women became celebrated novelists, and Ruskin called "Aurora Leigh" "the noblest monument of modern English poetry."

These and many other striking facts are felicitously brought out by Mrs. Walford, who writes *currente calamo*, with no more effort than a lark sings. Her sketches are full of encouragement not only for the readers of *Far and Near* (where they originally appeared), but for the whole sex.

Investigations Among the Indians

Final Report of Investigations Among the Indians of the Southwestern United States. Part II. By A. F. Bandelier.

THE INVESTIGATIONS OF Mr. A. F. Bandelier in New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora and Chihuahua have led him to interesting conclusions in regard to the habitations, customs, culture and mode of life of the prehistoric village Indians of the Southwest. By "prehistoric" is meant the time previous to the advent of Europeans. Briefly summarized, his conclusions are that contemporary tribes of these sedentary Indians were on practically the same plane of culture; that there was a gradual shifting from north to south; that changes of location, changes in plans of living and the different styles of architecture shown in their habitations were due to physical causes and to danger from enemies rather than to hypothetical changes of climate or geological disturbances. These conclusions are based upon a careful examination of a great number of ruins of ancient pueblos and of the caves and cliff-dwellings scattered over the region traversed, and are fortified by references to these ruins and their former occupants, found in the writings of early explorers and missionaries, as well as by such traditions as could be gathered from the folk-lore of the descendants of these ancient tribes. Some of the ruins found are not only prehistoric, but even "beyond the scope of tradition." An interesting account is given of the metates, stone axes, pottery and other articles usually scattered about the ruins. Especially interesting are the descriptions of the ruins themselves, the methods of irrigation and water supply, the means of defence, the panther images, the communal hunting and fishing and the modes of burial. The cliff-houses and cave-dwellings occur south as well as north, and are not peculiar to a distinct stock or tribe. They resulted from natural causes, and are "an ethnological feature based upon geological opportunities."

But interesting and valuable as the researches of the author undoubtedly are, comparatively few outside of the esoteric class to which he belongs will have the patience to read the whole of Part II, of his "Final Report," which is published as one of the "American Series of Papers of the Archaeological Institute of America," and is a volume of nearly 600 octavo pages. There is a monotony of detail, calculated soon to weary the general reader, and important facts are often buried beneath a profusion of topographical and scenic description. Half a dozen folk-lore tales that should not be overlooked are scattered through the book, but they would be hard to find without diligent search, as there is no index. There are curious and entertaining legends of Posevee, the Tehua wizard (p. 47); of the division of the ancestors of the Tehuas into summer and winter people (p. 60); of the

irruption of the Kiranash into the valley of the Rio Grande (p. 116); of the starvation of a portion of the inhabitants of an ancient pueblo on the Mesa Encantada (p. 313), and of the creation of the sun and moon by the ancestors of the Opatas (p. 519).

"Sacharissa"

Some Account of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland: Her Family and Friends. With portrait. By Julia Cartwright. \$3.75. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

EVERYBODY has seen or pictured to himself those beautiful Vandyke women in voluminous sleeves, love-locks curling over tranquil brows, tapering throats clasped by pearls, and lovely hands fingering a full-blown rose, which hang in the dim rooms of Hampton Palace or cast a luminous glance out of old-fashioned frames in Trafalgar Square. These are the nymphs and graces painted by Lely and Kneller and the prince of Flemish Vans—Vandyke, coquetting still on immortal canvases and inspiring with their mute historic beauty the quivering quills of poet and sonneteer. To them Waller warbled and them the *Tattler* praised in a later degenerate generation, and with them Sir Roger danced in the courtly times of Charles and great Anne. Essayists celebrate their "awful mien," their grace, their winning attraction; they belonged to great families and were the *grandes dames* of an age when Versailles was beginning to rise under the magic touch of Mansard and every lady must have her eyebrows sung in cadenced stanzas.

Of these great ladies one of the greatest and loveliest was Dorothy Sidney, a scion of that historic house to which Sir Philip and her own brother, the ill-fated Algernon, belonged, the Sidneys of Penshurst, of "Arcadia," of "Astrophel," and "The Defence of Poesie." Their blood was always ready to be poured out on battlefield or scaffold and their pens were equally mighty with their swords. Second only to what they did themselves was what they inspired in others. The slender immortality of Waller, the most celebrated lyric poet of the seventeenth century, hangs to the girdle of Dorothy Sidney and breathes in the perfume of a rose which he sung of in her honor. His "Verses on a Girdle" and "Song to the Rose" are forever associated with the subtle smile that flashes half ironically out of Vandyke's picture and the miniature at Penshurst. The fickle and faithless widower dared to aspire to the eldest daughter of Robert earl of Leicester, and when she disdained his plea, he revenged himself only by enshrining her with "ces belles dames du tems jadis," Beatrice and Laura and Leonora, and all the beautiful and gracious things that "Thirsis" loved or Phœbus shone upon. Her wit and discretion were as celebrated as her beauty, and she wrote letters which sparkled with gossip and sprightliness when women could hardly write at all. She lived through the reign of Charles I. and almost through that of Charles II., assembling around her the scholars and statesmen of the age, and, later, inspiring the reign of Anne with tender recollections of her purity and high breeding. Of course suitors were numerous in the train of so mighty a lady, but her affections settled not on the lovelorn Waller—in spite of his "roses" and "girdles"—but on the earl of Sunderland, whose early death cast a shadow over Dorothy's life. She passed through all the horrors of the Civil War, but after a widowhood of nine years her bright eyes smiled again on an admiring suitor, this time Sir Robert Smythe of a powerful Kentish family. Ultimately Lord Halifax became her son-in-law and we find the famous lady mixed up in all the gossip of the day, alert, accomplished, dignified, a fit successor of the celebrated Stella whom Sir Philip sang in his "Astrophel" sonnets. About two dozen letters are all that remain of her active correspondence; Miss Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady) has so interwoven them with history, anecdote, and comment that a skilful and picturesque *tableau* of the times is the result: we know Sacharissa almost in the flesh and her lineaments light up from the fading canvas as if they had been newly painted. Perhaps our readers would enjoy reading

again one of the poems addressed to her by Waller, which has a grace not easily imitated in these prosy times:—

SONG TO THE ROSE

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Recent Fiction

"DAVID ALDEN'S DAUGHTER, and Other Stories of Colonial Times," by Jane G. Austin, is for the most part a collection of tales previously printed in the columns of *Harper's Monthly*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Putnam's*. The author has made herself such a valued and delightful authority on all matters and documents connected with the history of the Pilgrims, she has created an atmosphere of such tender affection through which to view their privations and heroic sufferings, and given such salient proof of their characters and individualities, that they no longer seem like the mythical heroes in a Scandinavian saga, but like our very flesh and blood. And when the short list is said, and Betty Alden, and William Bradford, and Myles Standish, and Alice Southworth, and John Carver, and John Alden and Priscilla are named, they rise before our view clothed in radiant robes of Miss Austin's weaving as well as in the sombre garments of historical annals. One error of record Miss Austin alludes to in her preface with the hope that it is soon to be corrected—that is, a stone erected in this century upon Burying Hill, Plymouth, to the effect that the wife of John Howland was the daughter of Gov. Carver—a statement refuted by the recently rediscovered journal of Governor William Bradford. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"THE GOLD OF PLEASURE," by George Parsons Lathrop, issued in the American Novels Series, appeared originally in *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is a story of coast life along the Sound, with a scene or two from foreign lands. Three sets of lovers engage our attention, from widely different stations in life, whom Mr. Parsons disposes of at the end of the volume with widely differing fortunes. To Ralph Dupar and Raima he gives the Gold of Pleasure and the pleasure of gold, each a fading weed. To Pietra and Hervey he gives violent deaths—to the one shipwreck and to the other poison. While to Martha Dane, who has spent her life on a light-house, and to Dick Swift he gives a home on land, "loyal love and fidelity" and the sight of the "light-house star" burning "ever constant and beautiful." (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"MONICA, THE MESA MAIDEN" is a poetically told story by Mrs. Evelyn Raymond. Monica was a Spanish girl who lived with her selfish father and brother and crippled little cousin in a picturesque old *adobe* on the mesa near the historical valley of the San Diego Mission. The great grandmother, over a hundred years old, lived with them, too, and it was Monica who cooked the food and drew the water from the broken mill and kept the house and drove the *burros* over to the Mission for the tourists to hire. And when Gabriel, her brother, fled the neighborhood, because he thought he had killed his friend, it was faithful little Monica who went to search for him and bring him back. Her fidelity, her unselfishness and Gabriel's regeneration form the substance of a story told in graceful and feeling style. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"VIRGINIA DARE" is the tale of the granddaughter of Gov. White of Roanoke, told simply and in pleasant style by E. A. B. S. In 1587 Gov. White sailed for England, leaving a little colony in Roanoke, among whom were his daughter and her ten-days' old infant, Virginia Dare. When he returned, three years after, Indians had attacked the colony and the place was deserted. It is the record of the scattered little colony and the life of Virginia among an Indian tribe that the author has told in the present volume. The story is

graced by those musical, picturesque, legendary names in which, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, no country is so rich as the United States, and brodered by the imagery and forms of speech that have always made the American Indian seem the most poetic of beings. The volume ends with the union of Virginia, whose Indian name was Owaissa, to Iosco, who in gaining her for a wife had accepted Christianity. (\$1. Thomas Whittaker.)—"THE WHITE FEATHER" is a tale of Australian life told in crisp, delightful style by the lady who signs herself "Tasma." Like all stories of this new field, the book is filled with the exuberant freshness of unstinted material. Even human nature under the influence of this ardent clime takes on new developments, and the old story of admiring one's neighbor's wife is capable of new variations. Not that this is the theme of the book, but it is the ending, arranged with novelty. It is a pity to spoil the zest the reader may feel at the climax of the story by explaining the significance of "The White Feather" and the expiation the wilful, high-spirited and utterly unreasonable heroine performed for the injustice she had done her husband. Suffice it to say that the author at the end of the book leaves her characters in such strained and romantic relationships to each other and in such fanatic states of mind that speculation as to what will happen next continues long after the volume is closed. (\$1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

"THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER," by Mrs. Alexander, is the story of an unlawful attempt to keep a girl out of her inheritance and to burden her life with the taint of illegitimacy. The method employed to do this was that of falsely imprisoning the heroine in the house of the person who was using her money—namely, her aunt, and of attempting to force her to marry her cousin. When she would not consent to this union, the disgrace of illegitimate birth was attached to her name. But in the end she came into her inheritance, triumphed over her enemies and married the man of her choice. The plot of this kind of tale is far from new, and, as we know, the heroine is always a girl of small insight into other people's motives, unsuspicious and largely disinterested in her judgment of the world; but it seems to us, in the instance of Myra Dallas, that she is particularly obtuse and has hardly the common-sense usually accorded to heroines in similar situations. Otherwise the story is well told, with all of Mrs. Alexander's skill and directness, and with all that deftness of manipulation of material that betrays the true story-teller. (\$1.25. Cassell Pub. Co.)—"A NEW ENGLAND CACTUS," by Frank Pope Humphrey, is the initial story in a collection of tales published in the Unknown Library. The work of these stories is of decided merit; they have character, atmosphere and that indefinable manner of speech that betrays the New England life and thought. The author's people for the most part are of pronounced types, but, as even the unobtrusive summer visitor knows, the outlandish type has not vanished from fishing-village or rocky farm in that rich country. The other tales in the book are:—"A Car of Love," Lucia Richmond's, "A Middle-Aged Comedy," "Olive," a story in chapters; "A High Ideal" and "A Belated Letter," which has previously appeared in *Harper's Bazar*. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, in front of the prim shelves belonging to the Egyptian department, among the strange hieroglyphics, the hideous idols and the withered mummies of bygone Pharaohs, is a tiny sarcophagus carved in black stone and surmounted by a small glass case wherein rests a couple of peculiar rings, like twin Scarabæi, their jewelled eyes glittering with the shifting light that streams from above. Under those rings in the black stone box is the manuscript copy of a story filled with startling adventures of every description. Partly in France and partly in Central Africa all these things take place, and every effort is made to render them interesting, but without success. It is a poorly constructed story, utterly lacking in interest. It is called "Scarabæus: the Story of an African Beetle," and is written by the Marquise Clara Lanza and James Clarence Harvey. (\$1.25. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—THE LAST ISSUE in the Unknown Library Series is a California story called "Green Tea," by W. Schallenger. It is about as clever as its name would imply, and falls far below the Library's average. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)

MRS. J. H. NEEDELL is an extremist of a pronounced character. Her people go through the most agonizing experiences, always with the sublimation of self as the object. No inquisitorial council of the Middle Ages could invent more subtle ways of torturing her victims to prove their faith than she does, though we must admit that her present volume, "Passing the Love of Women," is a kind of easing up of the thumb-screws. "The Story of Philip Methuen" was the climax in this direction. Her recent novel is the description of a kind of David and Jonathan love between two cousins who were both attached to the same girl. The book has many situa-

tions and passages of power, has conceptions of character of quite unusual beauty, has a decided dramatic force in the portrayal of indomitable natures in the grasp of unconquerable laws and is constructed with skill and unflinching touch so far as the author's art is concerned. But it is just with that art we wish to complain. It is not always true—indeed, sometimes it is far from true, and the reader often feels that Mrs. Needell's hypothesis of life and character is false, and that her men and women, especially her men, are controlled by motives of such spiritualized sentiment that they live and breathe in a moral ether above the world's atmosphere which makes them neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)—"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLANDER," by Edna Lyall, has lately been issued in a new edition and is in time for holiday trade. There are those—of whom I believe the Queen is one—who think this serious-minded and somewhat solemn young lady has a great mission on earth, and that fiction in her hands has become a great ethical and moral force. She certainly writes with all the impressiveness of one born to set the world aright and a firm belief in a just system of rewards and punishments. But to quote a witty satirist:—"To conceive a world of her heroes is worse than the Sabbaths without end of a popular hymn; even a jelly fish would rouse itself to violent action in such a place." The present edition of "The Autobiography of a Slander" is elaborately printed and well illustrated. (\$2.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

"KENT HAMPDEN," by Rebecca Harding Davis, is the story of a boy who through pluck and that force and insight that faith gives freed his father's name from the stigma of a crime and solved the mysterious theft that placed the whole family under suspicion and social ostracism. The scenes are laid in Wheeling, West Virginia, and the antiquous country seventy years ago, and the pictures presented by Mrs. Davis's able pen are full of an old-time local color. Indeed, this seems quite the best part of her story—namely, the re-creation of the time when children did not, without reproof, contradict their parents, when one journeyed by stage coach with leisure enough to get out and hunt a rattle-snake and shoot a wolf, and when gentlemen at great personal risk conveyed large sums of money long distances for each other without offering or having security or receipt demanded. The tale is told with spirit and brevity and with a topographical familiarity with the vicinage that comes from a previous residence in the place. The story is capably illustrated by Rufus F. Zogbaum. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IN "SILHOUETTES OF AMERICAN LIFE" Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis has given us scenes and sketches selected from a large experience of localities and a familiarity with representative types. The sketches are strong, clear impressions, very much in one tone, as the title suggests, with the one end in view of giving to the reader a faithful description of the incident presented. These comprise scenes taken from Louisiana to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and include such tales as "Walhalla," the narrative of an heroic action done in this little German settlement buried in the mountains of South Carolina; "The Doctor's Wife," the record of a Philadelphia woman who had no other recommendation to fame than that of making everyone happy about her—a type, we fancy, not uncommon in that city of homes; "A Wayside Episode," the awakening touch of justice and tenderness a wife received towards her husband by a little chance excursion into the mountains of the South; and "Marcia," the tragically plucky fight a poor, proud, illiterate, shoddy Southern girl made to enter the ranks of literature in a big, busy Northern city. These stories, though they by no means complete the list included in the book, show the range of Mrs. Davis's work. If at times her style seems prosaic, it is always direct and clear. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

IT IS SOMEWHAT DIFFICULT to know just what object Minnie Gilmore, the author of "The Woman Who Stood Between," had in view when she wrote this tirade of a disordered brain—unless, indeed, it was to impress upon a dangerous and difficult band of men that "hate loses causes: love wins them." This seems to be the key-note of the story; but the criminal who tells the narrative in his cell, just before death seizes him, has been allowed to do so much damage in the world, and has displayed throughout such brutal selfishness and such violent passion in every act of his life, that no one would pay any more attention to his summing-up of existence than he would to that of a madman. The style of the writing is rude—at times grossly so—and the whole animus of the book displays the bitter fury of a condemned man against the world, society, life, his friends—himself. (\$1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)—"A SPLENDID COUSIN," by Mrs. Andrew Dean, forms the last issue of that very entertaining series of books called the Unknown Library. It is a curious fact to note that most of these little stories have the same subtly ironical point of view, the same

half-amused, half-earnest style, as if the author feared to be taken seriously, and yet knew that she deserved to be, the same air of telling the truth under an expression of quizzical levity, and the same interesting development of character. "A Splendid Cousin" reminds one somewhat of the relationship between the two girls portrayed in Henry James's "Impressions of a Cousin," where one of them, who suffered for every betrayed hope of her cherished and spiritual cousin, at last woke up to the knowledge that she was not the fine, sensitive being supposed. In this instance the little Cinderella household drudge, Ruth, remains too stupidly and exasperatingly sympathetic with the woes of her Splendid Cousin to excite much commiseration from the reader. And as to Theodora, the magnificent exposition of whole-souled selfishness, she also is an exaggerated type that is painted for our amusement; on the lines of truth it is true, but deftly out of drawing. When Theodora walks out into the London fog in disgust and rage at the lack of pity shown her by her long-suffering family, and is brought in dead, we see the author's conscious intention to emphasize the *askewness*, as it were, of the whole little study—for people as monstrously selfish and as brutally inconsiderate as Theodora don't break their hearts because others seem cold—they have no hearts to break. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

"DIANA," by Mrs. Oliphant, is unlike the usual English novel of incidents and scenes, and illustrates instead the French idea of fiction which, as a rule, is the analysis of the relationship of less than half-a-dozen people. Here the entire interest of the story is confined to the noble and large-minded Diana, to the two little selfish women who lived on her bounty and to the hero Pandolfi who sacrificed both his happiness and that of Diana, because, through a clumsy blunder, it had been made to appear that he wished to pay his addresses to one of the little women. It is the story of Cinderella reversed. For in this case Cinderella is rich and the two selfish sisters are poor, and it is they who get the Prince, because one of them holds out her toes for the glass slipper and insists that it fits her, though no one in all the court believes it, least of all the Prince, who, however, considers it a point of honor not to disappoint her. If this is modern chivalry and honor, we prefer the good old legend that grew and flourished when life was primitive and there was more justice and less honor. At least the other is not so irritating as this modern version, where we cannot sigh at all over the hero's woes and feel decidedly cross towards the heroine. Doubtless it is a great virtue to be self-abnegatory, but is it the highest virtue to actually foster hypocrisy and fraud? Mrs. Oliphant has made a very careful and distinct study of character in terse and brilliant style, but she has sacrificed something of the interest of her story by foregoing, voluntarily we suspect, the entire and unrestrained sympathy of her readers. (\$1.25. United States Book Co.)

IT IS OFTEN a question in the mind of the reviewer for what class of readers books like "Dear" (\$1) and "Baby John" (50 cts.) are written. These stories are by the accomplished author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" and "Laddie," and though they are in the same pleasant style and have the same deep sympathy with the dim side of life as did "Miss Toosey's Mission," they decidedly fail in the interest and beauty of that story. "Dear," the longer tale, is the record of a girl's life lived with simplicity and gentleness in an English village. From the first chapter, where the motherless little maiden is described as grotesquely dressed by her absent-minded father, down to the moment when she is married to a youth whom she does not love and who has epileptic fits, a minor note is struck that but increases as the story proceeds. It is a tale in which misfortune is born with heroism, and one whose annals are writ with tenderness, but its gloom is unrelieved and its place in child literature disputable. "Baby John" is also of the same sombre caste. It is the tale of a misunderstanding between husband and wife, and if it were not for the very distinct picture it gives of the different sentiments and speech of the undemonstrative lower class in situations where educated folk would have expression for every shade of feeling, the story would be of no interest. As it is, after a few pages this picture disappears, and the story drifts on to a commonplace ending. (Roberts Bros.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Completion of "The Home and Haunts of Shakespeare."—This superb serial is just completed by the issue of Parts XIII, XIV. and XV. There is no falling-off at the close, as sometimes happens with such works. On the contrary, some of the most attractive material has been saved for the illustration of these last numbers, which are devoted to Warwick and Kenilworth. Three of the full-page photogravures are views of Warwick Castle, exterior and interior; three bring before us the Beauchamp Chapel in St. Mary's at Warwick, the Abbey Gate at Stoneleigh hard by, and

the Old Saxon Mill at Guy's Cliff; and three others show us the ruins of Kenilworth from different points. One of the water-colors is a charming view in Charlecote Park; the others are rural sketches, entitled "The Sweet of the Year" and "Homeward," the latter being a lovely sunset seen across the fields, with the ploughman—if it be a ploughman—plodding his way homeward. The many smaller engravings in the text are picturesque bits of Warwickshire scenery in town or country.

Of the finished work one can only repeat the praise given to the successive instalments. It cannot be compared with any former attempt to delineate the scenes connected with the life of Shakespeare; for, to quote the somewhat Hibernian compliment that Horace paid to Jupiter, there is nothing similar or even second to it. Like Furness's "New Variorum" edition of the plays, it is a magnificent monument to the dramatist, far surpassing in its way, as that does, anything that Shakespeare's native land has produced. The mother-country may well blush at being twice outdone by the daughter in doing honor to her greatest poet. (\$2.50 per part. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

A New Play of Shakespeare's.—In the Boston *Sunday Herald* of January 15th, I find this somewhat surprising announcement:—"The Elm Hill Shakespeare Club is to give a Shakespeare reading in the Parish Hall of All Souls' Church, Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th. The play selected is 'Richelieu.'"

The "childing autumn" of "Midsummer-Night's Dream," ii. 1. 112.—In *Poet-Lore* for October there is a note by Mr. J. B. Noyes on this expression, which occurs in the following passage of Oberon's description of the disturbance of the seasons due to his quarrel with Titania:—

The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which.

The earlier commentators, followed by most of the more recent ones and by Schmidt in his *Lexicon*, explain *childing* as "fruitful." This seemed to me so obviously the meaning that in my edition I adopted it without further comment, except to state that Grant White had expressed the opinion that *childing* was a misprint for *chiding*, "in allusion to the lowering skies and harsh winds of autumn, as the next epithet figures the increased inclemency of winter." Mr. Noyes believes *childing* to be "a corrupt spelling of the ignorant compositor, a vulgar and strong form of the true reading, *chilling*," and he cites in support of his emendation a passage from Robert Greene's "Orphanion" (1599), in which "the childing cold of winter" is mentioned. It seems to me that both critics are astray in assuming that the reference is to the abnormal autumn and winter. I take the "childing autumn" to be the normal autumn, as the "angry winter" is the normal winter; and this interpretation is confirmed by what follows. The seasons now "change their wonted liveries." The fruitful autumn is no longer fruitful, for the harvests fail, and, as Oberon has just said,

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard.

The angry winter is no longer angry, for
on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.

The winter, instead of being more inclement than usual, as Grant White carelessly assumed, is unseasonably warm, while the summer and autumn have been unseasonably cold. Mr. Noyes says that "no passage has yet been produced from any writer to justify the definition of *childing* as fruitful, and it is to be presumed that none fairly can be." It is evident that he has not consulted Murray's "New English Dictionary," which recognizes this meaning of the word, and gives several quotations to illustrate it.

It may be added that "their increase" refers to the natural products, or ordinary phenomena, of the seasons. It is suggested by autumn, to which it is more appropriately applicable (as in Sonnet 97: "The teeming autumn, big with rich increase"), but refers also to the characteristic results of winter. Grant White seems to think that it alludes to an increase in the cloudy and windy weather of autumn and the "inclemency" of winter; but there is no mention of the former in the context (but only of the failure of the crops, on account of the cold and wet summer), while, as I have shown, the latter is wholly inconsistent with the description of the winter.

MR. MAX O'RELL (Paul Blouët), who is expected home in June next from a long and successful tour in the colonies, where he has been lecturing to full benches on "John Bull and his Island" and kindred subjects, writes:—"By the time I have finished, I shall have given 400 lectures in America and the colonies without once disappointing an audience or myself."

Mr. Cable as an Editor

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In response to your invitation to answer certain criticisms which have applied to me in the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, and several other publications of less prominence, concerning my use of manuscripts bought by me from Mrs. Dora Richards Miller, I submit the following:—

Except in the *Times-Democrat*, I find nothing emanating directly from Mrs. Miller; and as Mrs. Miller has written in the *Times-Democrat*, I feel it best to confine my response to what has there been printed. A communication to that paper is a matter of astonishment to me, as my relations to Mrs. Miller have been those of a personal friend, heretofore totally without a jar or any word or intimation of discontent from her upon which I might found a suspicion that our relations and transactions were not in every way entirely satisfactory.

I have told her more than once or twice that in my conviction her one chance of disposing of any writing of hers as literature lay in her confining herself to the simplest recital of any experiences of her own that might be interesting enough for publication. It was because of this candidly-expressed conviction that, while giving her my fullest sympathy and counsel in every attempt she made to come before the public as a writer or reader, I urged her several times to write a simple narrative of her recollections of a West Indian slave insurrection which she had witnessed in her childhood.

She finally sent me a manuscript of these reminiscences, asking me to buy it. I offered her a price for it which I seriously doubted I should ever realize from it, not even knowing that I should make the attempt to give it the total reconstruction which I saw it would require.

But at the same time I sent the manuscript back to her, urging her not to sell it to me, nor to any one, but to rewrite it, reconstructing it so as to give it what it totally lacked, organic form, simplicity and definiteness of direction. I also wrote that I was at her service to assist her in finding a place for it in some magazine after such reconstruction; and in hope of further discouraging her from any attempt to get it published in its inchoate form, I wrote that I would not buy it at all if, after sending it in that form from one magazine to another and having it refused by all, as it certainly would be, she should send it back to me.

But this, which I had tried so hard to keep Mrs. Miller from doing, is just what she did; and she finally sent it to me unaltered, confessing that she had tried and failed to sell it, and asking if I would still give the price I had offered. I sent the price to her, receiving her grateful acknowledgment, threw the manuscript into a chest, with no definite intention of ever using it, and so completely forgot it that I was able only very gradually to recall it to mind, when, some three years afterwards, Mrs. Miller wrote to me again soliciting and receiving my aid in securing the publication of a very short paper reciting some humorous experiences of her own as a clerk in the mortgage department of the last census. This paper also was so totally unfit for publication in the shape in which it came to me that I doubt if any newspaper of any class would have accepted it as a gratuitous contribution.

In preparing the episode of the West Indian slave insurrection, I found it essential to put an amount of work into it which made it almost, if not entirely, as great a task as if the matter had been entirely original with myself. I did not think then, I cannot think yet, that it would have been a true statement to call the result of this a collaboration; but I thought it just to make it very plain that the experiences were not mine—that they were taken from a friend's manuscript; and my purpose in mentioning her by her true first name was in order to make way for securing to her any complimentary notoriety resulting from any lively interest the story might draw forth from the public reader or the critical world.

It is probably very natural that Mrs. Miller, without taking pains to compare my publication with her own manuscript, a copy of which she seems to have retained, should believe that I had in the main reproduced her manuscript word for word. For I did take pains, and even laborious trouble, to introduce into my rendition the very fewest possible phrases of my own, and to build the structure, as one may say, as largely as possible out of the timber and stone supplied by the eye-witness. Thus the changes of construction would easily seem to be far less than they were, but I do not think that Mrs. Miller ought to have overlooked in her own mind, or in her public utterance, the enormous condensation of her manuscript from fifteen thousand six hundred to eight thousand one hundred words. This condensation, moreover, was made not in order to get my article within any prescribed limit of space, but purely as a necessity of literary excellence, and because everything left out was better left out than left in.

In order to show how sweeping a reconstruction was necessary,

I append a partial list of my pages and of those of hers which they comprise:—

G. W. Cable.	Mrs. Miller.
Page 1.	Page 8.
Page 2.	Page 9.
Page 3.	Pages 10, 11, 12 and 13.
Page 4.	Pages 14, 2, 3 and 1.
Page 5.	Pages 4 and 5.
Page 6.	Pages 7, 8, 15, 16 and 17.
Page 7.	Pages 18, 19, 20 and 21.
Page 8.	Pages 22, 23 and 24.
Page 9.	Pages 25, 26, 27 and 28.
Page 10.	Page 29.
Page 11.	Pages 30, 31, 32 and 33.

With this I submit, as a sample of the styles of Mrs. Miller's manuscript and my revision, a quotation from the former and my rendition of it.

G. W. Cable: "We need not say that nature had her rudenesses as well as her graces. There were sharks in the seas and venomous things, tarantulas, serpents, scorpions, ashore; and there was the hurricane. Every house showed appliances of defence against this visitant. Every window and door was armed with strong outer shutters, provided with stout bars, rings and ropes that were brought swiftly into vigorous use whenever, between July and October, the dire word ran through the town, 'The barometer is falling.' Then candles and lamps had to be lighted indoors, and it was a time of delightful excitement to a courageous child. At such times Dora would beg hard to have a single pair of window-shutters held slightly open by two persons ready to slam them shut in a second, and so snatched glimpses of the tortured flying clouds and the writhing trees, while old Si' Myra, one of the freed slaves who had not left the house, crouched in a corner muttering, 'Lo'd, sabe us: Lo'd sabe us!'"

Mrs. Miller: "Every house showed arrangements for protection against these storms, which were looked for between July and October, the twenty-fifth of that month being Thanksgiving Day if no hurricane had occurred, or humiliation and prayer if it had. Very little glass was used in dwellings, as it was not really needed, but stout outer shutters, as well as jalousies were on every window and door, and on the frames of these, wooden blocks were fastened with heavy screws, while the shutters were provided with iron rings. When, during the hurricane season, the dire words went through the town, 'the barometer is falling,' then 'barring up' began. Stout prepared sticks of hard wood were passed through the big rings on the shutters, the ends of the sticks laid on the blocks on each side, and then stout rope was twisted around and about and securely fastened. Then, of course, candles or lamps had to be lighted all over the house, and it was a time of delightful excitement to an untimid child. Who could tell what might happen! Such high adventure as being blown about like great Grandmother might be experienced, or the roof, as sometimes happened, might be carried away. The only drawback was that one could not sufficiently revel in the wild weather owing to the necessity of being barred in. Much pleading would generally obtain permission to keep one window open a little by two persons holding the rings, ready to slam the shutters in a second. The flying clouds seemed to take on forms like demons of the air rushing to war, and the tortured trees, shuddering and twisting, looked in the lurid light like sentient creatures. Not far from us lived two delightful old maid sisters, Miss Nancy and Miss Bee—short for Belinda. Kitchens in that climate are usually built separate from the main building, and as we were a household of women, who, with their dangerous skirts, should not venture out of doors to make tea or anything else, it was the thoughtful habit of these good ladies, on such stormy evenings, to send their ancient man servant, black as the night himself, with a tray holding a pot of hot tea and thin, curly slices of their home-made bread and butter. Never since has any sort of food held for me the flavor of those repasts eaten while the tempest roared without, smiting the doors and windows, and old Si' Myra, one of the freed slaves who still had her home with us, crouched in the corner muttering, 'Lo'd sabe us.'"

I could show many instances similar to this, although it is true that some of her work was rendered with much less change, and the following will be an example—the paragraph referred to in the criticisms of the *Times-Democrat* and elsewhere.

G. W. Cable: "To Dora, sitting often by that equatorial sea, the island's old Carib name of aye-aye seemed the eternal consent of God to some seraphic spirit asking for this ocean pearl. All that poet or prophet had ever said of heaven became comprehensible in its daily transfigurations of light and color scintillated between wave, landscape and cloud, its 'sea like unto crystal and the trees bearing all manner of fruits.' Fragrance, light, form, color, everywhere; fruits crimson, gold and purple; fishes blue, orange and pink; shells of rose and pearl. Distant hills, clouds of sunset and

dawn, sky and stream, leaf and flower, bird and butterfly, repeated the splendor, while round about all palpitated the wooing rhythm of the sea's mysterious tides."

Mrs. Miller: "In the thought of the child sitting at evening by that equatorial sea, the old Carib name that answered to assent in our Saxon speech, seemed like the eternal 'yes' of God to some high spirit who had asked for the creation of such a pearl of the ocean. To the vision of the young dreamer all that was told by poet or prophet of a possible heaven was comprehensible as the daily transfiguration of light and color, scintillated between wave and cloud. A sea of turquoise blue, 'like unto crystal, and the trees bearing all manner of fruits,' were they not here visible realities? Which was more lovely or more real, the delicate emerald of distant hills or these opaline ranges that rose from the sea in the pomp of each day's decline? Color everywhere; fruits were crimson, gold and purple; fish were palpitating masses of orange, blue and pink; shells were of rose and pearl. Sky and water, foliage and flower, bird and butterfly repeated the splendor. Everywhere the same beauty of form, the same rainbow hues, the same golden light, and round all the wooing, whispering sea creeping to the feet in the ordered rhythm of its mysterious tides."

I trust that no hasty reader will overlook the fact that the complaint I am answering is not the charge of anonymous writers that I have swindled a poor widow and sold her manuscript as my own, but Mrs. Miller's complaint that the *Times-Democrat* had given me credit for the beauty of a paragraph which she said, and no doubt thought, I had simply copied from her manuscript, word for word.

I have only to deny, first, that there is anything in my article as printed that truly shifts the onus of this mistake of the *Times-Democrat* to my shoulders, if it be a mistake; and, second, that while I have preserved Mrs. Miller's beautiful paragraph, which, I repeat once more, "is not mine, but hers," I was compelled, as the reader himself may testify, to edit it heavily. I do not think that from the beginning of the article to the end I was able to reproduce a single paragraph, or even a single sentence of any length, from Mrs. Miller's manuscript literally as I found it. If I could have done so I would.

To anonymous charges

I can of course pay no attention whatever; but in so far as Mrs. Miller's demurrers or her silence tend to cast upon me the suspicion of having kept in the shade her merits as an author, I may suggest that such an imputation will have more weight when Mrs. Miller has written four or five magazine pages exclusively, with her own pen, which a first-class magazine is willing to publish.

I have been compelled to say this in great haste, dictating it while riding on the railroad train, and I trust that both Mrs. Miller and the patient reader will attribute any seeming harshness of tone to haste and not to intent.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

DRYADS' GREEN, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Jan. 23, 1893.

Darwin's Autobiography and His Son's Reminiscences

TO THE PERSON who loves biography we commend this fascinating volume. It is not merely an abbreviation of Darwin's "Life and Letters"; it is the juice of that book with more added to it in the shape of an autobiography by the great scientist himself, and a chapter of Reminiscences by his son Francis, who edits the volume. The Messrs. Appleton, Darwin's authorized publishers in this country, are the publishers of this book. The "letters" having been published before, we pass on to the newer chapters.

The autobiography was found after Darwin's death, bearing the title "Recollections of the Development of my Mind and Character";

but it was never intended for publication. This may seem strange to many, says the son, but to those who knew his father it will not only seem probable but altogether natural. The sketch was written for his wife and children, and was suggested by a letter from a German editor who asked him for just such a setting-forth of the development of his mind and character.

In writing of his boyhood, Darwin says:—"I can say in my own favor that I was as a boy humane, but I owed this entirely to the instruction and example of my sisters. I doubt indeed whether humanity is a natural or innate quality. I was very fond of collecting eggs, but I never took more than a single egg out of a bird's nest, except on one single occasion, when I took all, not for their value, but from a sort of bravado." He was sent to a classical school, which he regarded as a sad mistake. "The school as a means of education to me," he says, "was simply a blank. During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language." He was not idle, however, but worked hard at his studies, finding his reward in the odes of Horace, which he "admired greatly."

"When I left the school," says Darwin, "I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.' But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose

memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words." His father's words shamed him for a moment; but looking back to those days, he exclaims:—"How I did enjoy shooting! but I think that I must have been half-consciously ashamed of my zeal, for I tried to persuade myself that shooting was almost an intellectual employment; it required so much skill to judge where to find most game and to hunt the dogs well."

It was decided by his father that Darwin should be a clergyman, so he was sent to Cambridge to prepare himself. The three years he spent there he regards as wasted time, as he took no interest in the line of studies laid out for him while his enthusiasm ran high in the lines laid out by himself. "But no pursuit at

Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles. It was the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal: one day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one. I was very successful in collecting, and invented two new methods; I employed a laborer to scrape, during the winter, moss off old trees and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing, in Stephens' 'Illustrations of British Insects,' the magic words, 'captured by C. Darwin, Esq.'"

His father soon saw that it would be the height of folly to force his son away from his scientific pursuits, so he allowed him to follow them unmolested. The voyage of the Beagle Darwin regarded as by far the most important event in his life as it determined his whole career, and yet his taking it at all depended on a trifling circumstance. "The Origin of Species" he calls the chief work of his life. He tells with pardonable pride that "it was from the first highly successful. The first small edition of 1250 copies was



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DARWIN'S STUDY AT DOWN

sold on the day of publication, and a second edition of 3000 copies soon afterwards. Sixteen thousand copies have now (1876) been sold in England; and considering how stiff a book it is, this is a large sale. It has been translated into almost every European tongue, even into such languages as Spanish, Bohemian, Polish and Russian."

Singularly enough, Darwin was passionately fond of music, though he could not tell one tune from another. It was the great delight of his intimates to play the same tune over and over to him and make him believe that they were playing a new one each time. He enjoyed the music and he enjoyed the joke too when he discovered it. About some of his distinguished contemporaries Darwin writes entertainingly. He says of Buckle that he was a great talker:—"I listened to him, saying hardly a word, nor indeed could I have done so, for he left no gaps. When Mrs. Farrer began to sing, I jumped up, saying that I must listen to her. After I had moved away he turned round to a friend, and said (as was overheard by my brother), 'Well, Mr. Darwin's books are much better than his conversation.'"

Sidney Smith he once met at Dean Milman's house. Talking about Lady Cork, who was then extremely old, Smith said that she had been so affected by one of his charity sermons that she had borrowed a guinea from a friend to put in the plate. Macaulay he met at Lord Stanhope's and says that "he did not talk at all too much as long as he allowed others to turn the stream of his conversation." Of Carlyle:—"His talk was very racy and interesting, just like his writings, but he sometimes went on too long on the same subject. I remember a funny dinner at my brother's, where, amongst a few others, were Babbage and Lyell, both of whom liked to talk. Carlyle, however, silenced every one by haranguing during the whole dinner on the advantages of silence. After dinner, Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle for his very interesting lecture on silence. Carlyle sneered at almost every one: One day in my house he called Grote's History 'a fetid quagmire, with nothing spiritual about it.' I always thought, until his 'Reminiscences' appeared, that his sneers were partly jokes, but this now seems rather doubtful. His expression was that of a depressed, almost despondent, yet benevolent man, and it is notorious how heartily he laughed." His mind seemed to Darwin "a very narrow one." He despised science and thought it "a most ridiculous thing that anyone should care whether a glacier moved a little quicker or a little slower or moved at all. As far as I could judge," says Darwin, "I never met a man with a mind so ill-adapted for scientific research."

Darwin lived a most retired life at Down, though he denies the story in a German periodical that his house could be "approached only by a mule-track." He was a victim of ill-health, and although he enjoyed society and loved to see his friends, his mind and body suffered from the excitement, violent shivering and vomiting attacks being thus brought on. "I have, therefore," he says, "been compelled for many years to give up all dinner-parties; and this has been somewhat of a deprivation to me, as such parties always put me into high spirits. From the same cause I have been able to invite here very few scientific acquaintances. My chief enjoyment and sole employment throughout life has been scientific work, and the excitement from such work makes me for the time forget, or drives quite away, my daily discomfort."

On the subject of his mind Darwin is as frank as he is interesting:—"My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my

brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Further down the page, he says:—"I have no great quickness of apprehension or wit which is so remarkable in some clever men, for instance, Huxley. I am therefore a poor critic: a paper or book, when first read, generally excites my admiration, and it is only after considerable reflection that I perceive the weak points. My power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited; and therefore I could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics. My memory is extensive, yet hazy: it suffices to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or on the other hand in favor of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority. So poor in one sense is my memory, that I have never been able to remember for more than a few days a single date or a line of poetry."

But he adds:—"On the favorable side of the balance, I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent. My habits," he continues, "are methodical, and this has been of not a little use for my particular line of work. Lastly, I have had ample leisure from not having to earn my own bread. Even ill-health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distractions of society and amusement. Therefore, my success as a man of science," he says, in conclusion, "whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these the most important have been—the love of science—unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject—industry in observing and collecting facts—and a fair share of invention as well as of common-sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points."

It is not often that we find a man of Darwin's attainments so modest in his estimate of his work; but scientists, we believe, are less apt to be egotists than men who win fame in other paths.

Now we turn to the son's "Reminiscences." Mr. Francis Darwin was his father's secretary for a number of years; so he saw more of him than sons often see of their fathers. He is a capital Boswell. He tells us such little things we all like to know about great men. How his father walked with a "swinging action, using a stick heavily shod with iron, which he struck loudly against the ground," and how, in spite of his activity, he had "no natural grace or neatness of movement." He was "awkward with his hands," and dissecting, "except under the simple microscope," was difficult for him. His beard was "full and almost untrimmed, and his moustache was disfigured by being cut short and square across." His eyes were "bluish gray, under deep, overhanging brows." His clothes were dark, and of a "loose and easy fit"; out of doors he wore a short cloak; indoors he "almost always wore a shawl over his shoulders" and "great loose cloth boots, lined with fur, which he could slip on over his indoor shoes." He rose early, and took a short walk before breakfast.

"After breakfasting alone about 7:45, he went to work at once, considering the 1½ hour between 8 and 9:30 one of his best working times. At 9:30 he came into the drawing-room for his letters—rejoicing if the post was a light one, and being sometimes much worried if it was not. He would then hear any family letters read aloud as he lay on the sofa. The reading aloud, which also included part of a novel, lasted till about half-past ten, when he went



ELEONORA DUSE. (See page 67.)

back to work till twelve or a quarter past. By this time he considered his day's work over, and would often say, in a satisfied voice, 'I've done a good day's work.' He then went out of doors whether it was wet or fine; Polly, his white terrier, went with him in fair weather."

His nights were bad, owing to the activity of his thoughts. "The MSS. of his books were written by him as he sat in a huge horse-hair chair by the fire, his paper supported on a board resting on the arms of the chair. When he had many or long letters to write he would dictate them from a rough copy; these rough copies were written on the backs of manuscript or of proof-sheets, and were almost illegible, sometimes even to himself. He made a rule of keeping all letters that he received; this was a habit which he learned from his father, and which he said had been of great use to him." For books, except for their contents, he cared little. Cheap editions crowded his shelves, and fine bindings were unknown in the study at Down.

It was in the Sand-walk that he had planted with many varieties of trees that the naturalist delighted. "Sometimes when alone he stood still or walked stealthily to observe birds or beasts. It was on one of these occasions that some young squirrels ran up his back and legs, while their mother barked at them in an agony from the tree." To his children Darwin had a "delightful manner of expressing his thanks"; and his son "never wrote a letter or read a page aloud to him without receiving a few kind words of recognition."

He bore his illness with uncomplaining patience. "No one, indeed," says his son, "except my mother, knows the full amount of suffering he endured, or the full amount of his wonderful patience. For all the latter years of his life she never left him for a night; and her days were so planned that all his resting hours might be shared with her. She shielded him from every avoidable annoyance, and omitted nothing that might save him trouble or prevent him becoming overtired, or that might alleviate the many discomforts of his ill-health."

And here we have come to the end of our space without having nearly exhausted the interest of these two chapters—the father's autobiography and the son's reminiscences.

Boston Letter

SUCH A TRIBUTE to the memory of a Boston citizen as that awarded Phillips Brooks has rarely been paid. It was wonderful. As the great crowd stood in the cold open air on Copley Square, 10,000 men and women in number, all with heads reverently bent while the successor of Dr. Brooks in the pastorate of Trinity uttered a fervent supplication, the sight was more than impressive. It was almost awe-inspiring in its suggestiveness of the magnificent love imbued in the hearts of his fellow-men by this more than great man, this good man, who had passed away. The gathering was not of curiosity seekers; it was an assembly of genuine mourners. Business men threw away their profits for a time by closing their large stores during the hours of the funeral. Poor men and rich men and poor women and rich women stood together during the funeral service, while more than one sad word was uttered by people whose relationship to the dead preacher had risen through his personal kindness to them when they were in trouble or in sickness. Within the church which he has made famous, services were conducted by Bishop Potter of New York; while on the steps outside the Rev. Mr. Donald and the assistant rector of Trinity spoke to the multitude.

From Trinity the funeral procession advanced to Harvard College, and there, with all the students standing in the yard with heads bared, the cortege passed through the lines, and while the old college bell in Harvard Hall tolled in solemn peal and the chime in the belfry of Christ's Church rang out Pleyel's Hymn, crossed over to the cemetery. There in the lot where lie the remains of the parents of the Bishop, William Gray and Mary Ann Brooks, and of his two brothers, the Rev. Frederick and George Brooks, the body was laid in its final resting-place by young body-bearers from Harvard College. The pall-bearers selected from Dr. Brooks's personal friends were:—the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar of Philadelphia, Justice Horace Gray of the Supreme Court, the Rev. Percy

Browne, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Dr. C. A. L. Richards of Providence, R. I., President Eliot of Harvard, the Rev. Leighton Parks, rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston; Col. Charles R. Codman, the Rev. Prof. A. V. G. Allen, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, Mr. C. I. Morrill, and Dr. H. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. At the grave the brief services were read by those two of the Bishop's three surviving brothers who are preachers in the Episcopal Church, the Rev. Arthur Brooks of New York, and the Rev. John Brooks of Springfield. At Appleton Chapel a memorial service to the Bishop was held, the Rev. Francis G. Peabody and the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church speaking in eulogy. There were two points of especial interest in Prof. Peabody's address, one bringing home what we all know to be true, that to Phillips Brooks "fame, success, achievement, were nothing. He cared only for the power of transmitting through him to his parishioners the great current of divine reality. Little would he care for our praises to-day. What he wanted of us was our lives." And the second point was the paragraph which Prof. Peabody found written in Dr. Brooks's hand in the private book of record kept by the preachers of Harvard. "The attendance at chapel and the resort of students to Wadsworth House has been quite as large as ever, and there have been some interviews here which make me feel that for one of them alone it would have been quite worth while to take the small trouble which coming all these days has involved."

Bishop Brooks's catholicism in religion was always broad, and he cared less for lines of sect than for the hearts of all men. The

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale spoke of this last Monday evening. Dr. Hale had begun a series of readings under the auspices of the South Friendly Society, but on account of the death of the Bishop he devoted a good part of the first evening to a memorial to his friend, reading selections from his letters. One of these was written when Dr. Brooks and Dr. Hale were preachers at Harvard, and approved cordially of inviting Mr. Moody to the University; while another, which bore upon a certain line of undenominational mission work, had these significant words:—"After all, the true Church of Christ is Appleton Chapel"—indicating by that phrase his warm endorsement of a church where all denominations stood on an equal basis. It was very proper for Dr. Hale to call a memorial service in the historic Old South Meeting House yesterday afternoon, at which representatives of all denominations—Unitarian, Congregationalist, Roman Catholic and others—should take part. In his will Dr. Brooks has given to Trinity Church all his printed books, to be held as a rector's library and parish library, and he also leaves \$2000 towards the completion of the church building, in the hope, as he declared, "that the work may be speedily completed." It was the original design of the architect to have the front decorated with towers, but that completion has long been postponed. It would seem now to be a most appropriate



WILLIAM WINTER

From a drawing by J. N. Marble. (See p. 57.)

memorial to the beloved pastor of that church if these towers were erected as monuments in his honor. A few other small bequests, and then the balance of his estate is left to his relatives. Bishop Brooks was not a rich man by any means. In fact, it is said that his income without his salary would hardly have sustained his simple style of living.

Boston citizens have begun already to contribute towards a statue to be erected in Copley Square in memory of the Bishop. It is hoped that between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars can be obtained for that purpose. Whether this will solve the much-disputed problem about the adornment of Copley Square will be impossible to predict. I am inclined to doubt if it is the entire solution. Boston is very desirous of having that most beautiful spot in the city given an elaborate monument, and while it is certain that the statue of the Bishop should stand there, it would seem also well to have it surrounded by other statues.

The memorial exhibition of J. Foxcroft Cole's works, comprising 258 pictures, has opened at the Museum of Fine Arts; on the 19th of February those pictures which belong to the estate are to be sold at auction.—There has been some dissatisfaction expressed at the work of the jury in selecting pictures by Massachusetts artists to send to the Columbian World's Fair, but this was to be expected; no jury decision will ever satisfy men who are disappointed. Of the relative merits of the slight controversy I cannot speak with any

knowledge.—I notice that Col. T. W. Higginson does not favor the annexing of Hawaii to the United States. He thinks our country has sufficient responsibilities on its hands now without adding new cares. Pres. Eliot remarked (in a humorous vein, I presume) that "Hawaii is a good place to raise sugar in," but he had not considered the matter sufficiently to give an opinion.

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Signora Duse

THE ITALIAN ACTRESS, Eleonora Duse, who made so successful a *début* in "Camille" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Jan. 23, was first introduced to the readers of *The Critic* in the following paragraph printed in the *Lounger* column on June 18, 1892:—

"An Italian actress, 'La Duse,' has blazed into prodigious and, probably, merited success at Vienna. Unheralded and unpuffed, she came and conquered. M. Francisque Sarcey, who accompanied the detachment of the players of the Comédie Française, allowed by the French Government to take part in the International Exhibition of Dramatic Art at Vienna, tells us about this latest theatrical sensation in his *feuilleton* in the *Temps* of May 30. La Duse had so far been seen as Cleopatra and 'La Dame aux Camélias,' and in 'Divoçons'—thus showing much versatility, and challenging comparison with such Parisian celebrities as Bernhardt, Réjane and Céline Chaumont. She is not handsome, but has an intelligent and expressive face and wonderful mobility of features. Her voice is not particularly musical, but its occasional metallic vibrations produce thrilling effects. Her diction, like Mme. Bernhardt's, is distinct and clear, each syllable coming out with well-rounded edges. In the second act of 'Antony and Cleopatra' (which Sardou has filched from Shakespeare and incorporated in his 'Cléopâtre'), where Egypt, waiting for news of Antony, whom she believes dead, hears of his marriage to Octavia, La Duse carried the house by storm with her alternate explosions of fury and sudden tones of touching tenderness. Whilst recognizing the great qualities of La Duse in this part, M. Sarcey cannot refrain from comparative criticism and a bit of sly malice. 'Where,' he asks, 'is that exquisite grace in every attitude and gesture which was so conspicuous in Sara's Cleopatra? Even in her most violent transports of passion, in her most *risqués* fondlings and caresses, she is always a queen—the Queen of Egypt. La Duse has the air of a crowned grissette; but perhaps that may have been the type of the real Cleopatra.'"

We supplement our own critic's notice of the actress's first appearance in this city, published last week, with the following communication from an occasional contributor:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The Italian actress who first appeared in this country last week may be said to have come almost unheralded. She was not brought up the Bay on a tug with a brass band, nor had enthusiastic reporters recorded her delight at finding herself here, and noted the ruffles of her tea-gowns. To those interested in the European stage she was known as having won a high place there, not only by her talent, but through sheer hard work, and as having received warm and appreciative praise at Vienna last year from the eminent French critic, Francisque Sarcey. From this somewhat shadowy background she emerged for our judgment in a part identified with many actresses of different nationalities and temperaments, and in a play so hackneyed that it may be called the "Trovatore" of the drama. It was inevitable that she should be met by a series of comparisons, varying according to the preferences of her critics for this one or that of her predecessors. To put it roughly, the part of the Dame aux Camélias is usually played as though Marguerite were either a young person of refinement whose lines have fallen in unfortunate places, or else a courtesan who has somehow managed, until she meets Armand, to escape a great passion. Signora Duse brings her before us as a girl of the people who has drifted into or chosen an easier life than that to which she was born, and who accepts its drawbacks without question until she feels that she is loved for herself alone.

Without going into comparisons, it is interesting to notice the difference between the smile of languid promise with which Mme. Bernhardt greets Armand when she finds that he was the faithful unknown visitor during her illness and Signora Duse's look of frank surprise, like that of a street waif who is given an unexpected penny. There are some who find the new rendering of the part too simple, but it is laid out on very simple lines, and it would be a fault in art to play Marguerite Gautier as though she were Mary Stuart; while some touches will live in the memory as beyond what mere art can teach. The sudden hardening of face and figure when Marguerite realizes that she is asked to give her lover up forever, and the flash of joy which lights up her wan face when he comes back in the ball-room scene, although she knows he only comes to

revile her, are among these; but there are many. It is true that the last act "plays itself"; but it is a great relief after all the acrobatic deaths which so many actresses have displayed in it to find this Marguerite dying quietly on her bed; while there is infinite pathos in the hand that feebly strokes Armand's hair after her head can hold itself up no longer.

It was a tribute to Signora Duse's art that those who admired her at her *début* found it hard to think, until they saw her again, that she could do anything else as well; but even if she had not reached the same level in another play, her rendering of that part alone would have shown that she deserved her place among the few great living artists.

MARY CADWALADER JONES.

Characteristics of Tennyson

MR. JAMES KNOWLES contributes to the January number of his own magazine (*The Nineteenth Century*) some personal reminiscences of the late Lord Tennyson, which are among the most interesting that have seen the light. Through his natural shyness, increased by short sight, general society, says Mr. Knowles, was always an effort to the poet. "When Frederick Robertson of Brighton—the great preacher, who had written much and admirably about his poems, and for whom he had a high regard—first called upon him, 'I felt,' said Tennyson, 'as if he had come to pluck out the heart of my mystery; so I talked to him about nothing but beer.' He could not help it; it was impossible for him to wear his heart upon his sleeve."

Here is Tennyson's own account to Mr. Knowles of how he was offered and accepted the laurel:—"The night before I was asked to take the Laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam,' I dreamed that he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said, in my dream, 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the Laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at the last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table, and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port."

"His way of working was much less like 'work' than inspiration. 'I can always write,' he said, 'when I see my subject, though sometimes I spend three-quarters of a year without putting pen to paper.' When he did 'see' it his mind dwelt on it at all times and seasons, possessing him until he possessed and perfected it. Sparkles and gleams might flash out at any moment from the anvil where his genius was beating his subject into shape, but the main creative process, where the vision was condensed into art, went on when he had shut himself up in his room with his pipe. He would do this two or three times a day—his 'most valuable hour,' as he often told me, being the hour after dinner—and then, with his pipe in his mouth and over the fire, he would weave into music what things 'came to him'; for he never accounted for his poetry in any other way than that 'it came.' 'Many thousand fine lines go up the chimney,' he said to me, and indeed the mechanical toll of writing them down, made heavier by his short sight, was so great that it was easy to believe in the sublime waste—the characteristic profuseness of genius. When he came out from his room at such seasons, he would often have a sort of dazed and far-off dreamy look about him, as if seeing 'beyond this ignorant present,' and such as Millais alone has caught in his great portrait, where he looks like the Prophet and Bard that he was."

"He formulated once and quite deliberately his own religious creed in these words:—'There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures: that's my faith, and that's all my faith.' This he said with such a calm emphasis that I wrote it down (with the date) exactly and at once. But he was by no means always so calm. His belief in personal immortality was passionate—I think almost the strongest passion that he had. I have heard him thunder out against an opponent of it:—'If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it must fore-show the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us, and' (growing crimson with excitement) 'I'd shake my fists in his almighty face, and tell him that I cursed him. I'd sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief and have done with it all.'"

This is what Tennyson said about "In Memoriam":—"It is rather the cry of the whole human race than mine. In the poem altogether private grief swells out into thought of, and hope for, the whole world. It begins with a funeral and ends with a marriage—begins with death and ends in promise of a new life—a sort of divine comedy, cheerful at the close. It is a very impersonal poem as well as personal. There is more about myself in 'Ulysses,' which was written under the sense of loss and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought out to the end. It was more written with the feeling of his loss upon me than many poems in 'In

Memoriam.' * * * It's too hopeful, this poem, more than I am myself. * * * The general way of its being written was so queer that if there was a blank space I would put in a poem."

His judgment of men, says Mr. Knowles, was the more terrible because so naturally charitable and tender. Seldom, if ever, did he carry beyond words his anger even with those who had gravely injured him. "I eat my heart with silent rage at —," he said one day of such a one. How different in this from Carlyle, whose open rage with mankind was so glaring! "Ha! ye don't know," he cried out to me one day, "ye don't know what d—d beasts men are." Tennyson, quite otherwise, had the tenderest thought and hope for all men individually, however much he loathed that "many-headed beast" the mob. "I feel ashamed to see misery and guilt," he said as he came out from going over Wandsworth Gaol; "I can't look it in the face." Yet he had no love for milksops. "The only fault of 'So-and-so,'" he said, "is that he has no faults at all."

It was touching to see his playfulness with children, and how he would win them from their nervousness of his big voice and rather awful presence. Mr. Knowles has seen him hopping about on the floor like a great bird, enveloped in his big cloak and flapping hat, in a game of pursuing a little band of them until they shriek with laughter. It reminded his Boswell of a scene in his Cambridge days which he had described; when he, "Charles Tennyson, Spelding, and Thompson of Trinity, danced a quadrille together in the upper room of a house opposite the 'Bull.'" There was a great abundance of playfulness under the grimness of his exterior, and as to humor, that was all-prevailing and flavored every day with salt. It was habitual with him, and seemed a sort of counteraction and relief to the intense solemnity of his also habitual gaze at life in its deeper aspects, which else would almost have overwhelmed him with awe. He had a marvellous fund of good stories which he loved to recount after dinner and over his "bottle of port." In later life he gave up the port, but not the stories. He said to Mr. Knowles one day:—"Sometimes as I sit here alone in this great room I get carried away out of sense and body, and rapt into mere existence, till the accidental touch or movement of one of my own fingers is like a great shock and blow and brings the body back with a terrible start." All such subjects moved him profoundly, and to an immense curiosity and interest about them. He said that "Tears, Idle Tears" was written as an expression of such longings. "It is in a way like St. Paul's 'groanings which cannot be uttered.' It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It is what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And it is so always with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move."

At one time he contemplated writing a metaphysical poem on Spinoza, and talked much about it, but finally gave it up, saying he could not quite warm to it, "from Spinoza's want of belief in a God."

Mr. Knowles has printed a lot of side-notes of Tennyson's to verses of "In Memoriam." Here is one on Stanza LXI, Verse 3:—

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

(Perhaps he might—if he were a greater soul.)

And here is another, on Stanza CXXII, Verse 1:—

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom (of grief)
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again.

(If anybody thinks I ever called him "dearest" in his life they are much mistaken, for I never even called him "dear.")

The Lounger

THE LATE LORD TENNYSON is said to have made more money out of poetry than any other English poet has ever made. His personality amounts to 57,200*l.*, while his real estate at Haslemere and Freshwater is of considerable value. Next to Tennyson our own Longfellow is said to have realized the largest income from his muse. Mr. Whittier was not far behind, and Victor Hugo left 92,126*l.* personality in England alone. Matthew Arnold's property, on the other hand, amounted to only 1000*l.* All of which goes to prove that it is more remunerative to write popular verse than that which is caviare to the general.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS thinks that poets should not complain if the public does not buy their books. He declares that it is impossible for them to spend all their time in making rhymes; therefore they should have some other business (the manufacturing of wall-

paper, perhaps). The work of a poet, he adds, "is too pleasant for high pay; those only should be paid highly who do unpleasant work, like scavengers, or degrading work, like judges or Prime Ministers." Evidently Mr. Swinburne does not agree with Mr. Morris; for in a letter written to a certain magazine editor in 1871, he said:—"I received your note in answer to my reply of the 1st, asking for 'not more than sixteen lines.' I fear I can hardly undertake to supply verse to order in point of length or otherwise; in any case, I should certainly not think it worth while to let a magazine have the first fruits of anything of mine for less than 10*l.*" That was twenty and more years ago; 100*l.* would be nearer the price to-day, in all probability.

I AM, I REGRET TO SAY, fast becoming a convert to some un-aesthetic American ways. There was a time when I regarded certain modern conveniences with the scorn that our ancestors in the good old days felt for steam-engines as opposed to horse-flesh; but now I am getting to believe that every device that relieves one of unnecessary labor and worry is desirable. People of leisure may still cling to the old-fashioned and the picturesque; I have clung to them, and still cling, though I am not a person of leisure; but I do it to my cost. I called upon a friend the other day—a lady who is well-known as a writer,—and found her living in one of those new buildings, half apartment-house and half hotel, in which New York abounds. She had given up her big old-fashioned house; but the suite of rooms she occupied gave her all the space she needed, and quite as much privacy as a house, and she was relieved of all the care of housekeeping, which in this country is a nuisance, say what you will. Instead of looking after the butcher and baker and settling the disputes of servants, her time was at her disposal for her literary work. To be penning a sonnet to the evening star and have Bridget come in to inform you that the butcher's boy has come around to say that they are "out" of sweet-breads and will veal kidneys do, is an offence to the Muses which they resent. Another annoyance is to be writing until late, and then have the oil in your student-lamp give out and leave you in total darkness, just as your reluctant heroine has reached the point of granting a long-deferred affirmative to the impatient hero. No such unfortunate catastrophe disturbs your plot in the well-regulated family hotel. An electric lamp sheds its cool, soft light over your desk, and will burn till the crack of doom. Then there is the question of heat. Did you ever sit up till cock-crow, or what would be cock-crow if you lived in the country, to bring an absorbing bit of writing to a satisfactory close? If you did, you know what it is to have the furnace fire, banked for the night, refuse to send up its heat, while you clutch your pen with benumbed fingers. The properly-prepared steam-heater serves you no such trick. A twist of the screw and you are warm or cool as you like. I find it hard to become reconciled to steam heat and the hideous "radiator." One might have steam for an emergency, however, with a wood-fire as a steady beverage.

A LADY WHO GOES a good deal more into society than I do tells me that Mr. McAllister is all wrong in what he says about artists being looked down upon by fashionable people. She says that, wherever she has met what Mr. McAllister designates as "professionals" in fashionable drawing-rooms, they have been the lions of the occasion. Society's passion for "professionals" she regards as next in order to its passion for titles. As for Paderewski, the social world is at his feet, and so fearful are his entertainers that he may think he is invited for his music that they lock their pianos or send them away while he is their guest.

I WONDER if there were any good Americans at the theatrical performance given before the Queen at Osborne last week. The play chosen was "She Stoops to Conquer." The Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice respectively essayed the rôles of Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville, while the Marquis of Lorne, Gen. Sir Henry Ponsonby, members of his family and other ladies and gentlemen in waiting filled out the remainder of the cast. As these ladies and gentlemen only appeared as amateurs, and not as "professionals," they are still eligible as members of the Four Hundred, or even the One Hundred and Fifty, if they should happen to come to New York. The audience that greeted these actors was a select one—each guest having been especially invited by Her Majesty. If there were none of our Anglo-Americans present, it was not their fault. A question of money would not have kept them away; but in England the question is not always one of money.

MR. W. H. BISHOP, the novelist, after a five years' sojourn abroad, has returned to the United States. It is my secret belief that he was lured over here by a paragraph in this column, published some time in the early autumn, describing the beauty of the scenery around New Hartford, Conn., and the number of abandoned farms

there that could be had for a song. If you read your *Atlantic Monthly* as you should, you know what a time Mr. Bishop has had to get a house or an apartment to suit him in either Spain, France, Italy or England. While he was still in an unsettled state of mind the paragraph in question caught his eye, and he at once wrote over to ask particulars. I did not know as much about the details of the selling of the farms as Mr. Bishop wanted to learn, and the first thing I knew he was here himself making inquiries. I met him the other day and he had reams of statistics in his pocket. I begged him to wait until the snow had melted from the hill-tops and the frost had thawed out of the roads before he visited New Hartford, for he would not get the right impression of it as the landscape is now, and he has promised to wait. In the meantime he told his plan of purchasing an abandoned farm to Mr. Aldrich, who expressed his surprise that his good friend Bishop should wish to become "an abandoned farmer."

IT TAKES A CLEVER man to write a famous book and a bold one to buy it after it has become "scarce"; but what can be said of the combination of qualities that can sell the book? Whatever these qualities are, they must be possessed by Dodd, Mead & Co., who sold a copy of Poe's "Tamerlane" for the sum of \$2500. Other books have been sold for as much as this and more, but they were not so tiny. Forty pages in all, 6½ inches high by 4½ wide—little more than a pamphlet—and worth \$2500! Only two copies of "Tamerlane" are known to exist—one in the British Museum and this one, which latter belonged to a clerk in the employ of the late T. O. H. P. Burnham, the Boston book-seller of curious memory. It was bought at the sale of Burnham's effects for \$1850, and was purchased by a New York collector for \$2500. A neat little margin of profit, you say. No doubt; but then it might have lain away on a shelf for two or three years before it found a purchaser, while the owner lost interest on his investment all that time. Rare books are not as salable goods as stocks and bonds, and a bookseller may have \$50,000 or \$100,000 tied up in morocco or half-calf till it eats its head off, if he is not careful. The intrinsic worth of "Tamerlane" is not great. The poems were written by Poe when he was a lad of fourteen, but then your true collector cares nothing for intrinsic worth. The worth of a book to him lies in its scarcity.

"PAINT ME WARTS and all," said Cromwell to the painter who was about to transfer his rugged features to canvas. Liszt may have said this to Munkacsy; but the artist did not take advantage of the permission. I have before me the *February Century*, with a fine engraving by T. Johnson from the Munkacsy portrait; also a photograph from life that I bought in Paris in 1886. The latter is larger than the engraving, and is the most life-like photograph I ever saw. In this we have the great pianist "warts and all," and although the pose of the head is almost the same as in the painting, the painter has turned the head just far enough around to hide the blemishes. I am glad that he has, for I do not see any reason for sending a man down to posterity with all his disfigurements in evidence, if a change of pose would conceal them.

Bishop Brooks

A PARTING WORD FROM BISHOP DOANE

Bishop Doane snatched a moment, before sailing for Europe last Saturday, to pay this hearty tribute to the dead preacher:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It is very difficult for me to say anything about Bishop Brooks which everybody else has not said.

As for my estimate of the man, I have never known any great man—and I think I never knew a greater than he in certain lines of greatness—who had in him, in the first place, the simplicity of a child, and, in the next place, the humility of a saint, and, in the third place, absolute impersonality, in spite of the fact that it was the personal element in him which gave him his marvellous influence. He was supremely above all petty and little things, utterly unmoved by the adulation that was poured out upon him, and lived a life upon the very highest possible level of true spirituality. His own unusual purity of nature gave him a thoroughly optimistic view of humanity, which sometimes he seemed to push almost to a denial of the need of grace; and I think he had so little consciousness of sin in himself that he left it out too much in dealing with the provisions which are made for its recovery. The atmosphere in which he lived made a sort of glamour through which he looked at other men; and, as one compares him with the great American preachers, one is struck with the entire absence of any factitious elements of influence; indeed, I think the power of his preaching was shown in nothing so much as in the fact that it overcame certain real deficiencies—I mean his great rapidity of speech and consequent indistinctness of utterance.

I have said of him more than once, what I feel, that he was really like Enoch, a preacher of righteousness in his generation, and a man who truly all his life long walked with God, and is not, because God has taken him.

W. C. DOANE.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y., 26 Jan., 1893.

DR. RAINSFORD'S TRIBUTE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

If we can gauge a man's greatness by our sense of sorrow at his loss, then in Phillips Brooks the Christian Church and the whole community have lost one of their greatest. The death of the great financier moves the market. The death of the great politician makes men talk, arousing widest range of interest. The death of the great teacher and preacher makes men sad. And it should be so—for he is far the rarest of the three.

If the value of theology lies in the attainment of one end and aim—the bringing near, the making real of God to men,—then Phillips Brooks was no mean theologian; continuously and permanently he did more than any other to commend to the manhood of New England the all-sufficiency of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, he was a preacher easily and first; nor, to my mind, since Frederick Robertson died thirty-six years ago in Brighton, England, has there been his equal as a preacher across the water. Genius of insight, wonderful power of expression, soul-compelling love—all these elements of power were richly his. Those who listened to him, carried beyond themselves, were wont to say, as the men said who had been in the company of the greatest one evening long ago:—"Did not our heart burn within us as he talked to us by the way, and opened to us the scriptures?"

The message he brought was preëminently the gospel our time stands in need of. Life—real, full, abundant, possible—for all men in Christ. 'Tis the vision of this abundant life that alone can win man from his "muck-heap," from plying his "muck-rake," as Bunyan put it; and as men listened to Phillips Brooks and saw the splendid consistency of his life, they were aware of the worthlessness of the "muck-heap," and caught the glistening glory of the offered crown. Let none say, then, that the days of the preacher and of preaching are over—that amid the hurry and stress of our time the opportunities of the preacher have passed or are passing away. To a man who understands his age and believes in his God, men will reverently listen. They will hail him as leader, they will trust him and love him as friend, and among the chiefest of their benefactors they will delight to count him.

He has left us. From his splendid manhood there shall, down here, no more ring forth that jubilant challenge of his to all things mean, unworthy and unmanly; but his memory abides with us, and will abide. Tens of thousands who have never seen him will in years to come think of Phillips Brooks as the best embodiment of what our nineteenth century manhood at its fullest was capable of. I stood in his study last Thursday morning. It was the room he lived and worked in. There often we had listened to his genial, hopeful, inspiring talk. I looked across the open space to Trinity Church. It lacked three hours of the time set for the funeral services, but the space was already thronged. Silently in the cold winter sunlight the people stood there. Down the long street to the Common, the line of those who wished to see his face for the last time patiently stood waiting. Flags were at half-mast. Shops and exchanges were closed or closing. Boston was indeed mourning; and as I stood and looked, the triumphant lines of Tennyson's poem of Arthur came to me. I shall never again probably see them so illustrated. 'Twas

As if a mighty city were one voice

Around a king returning from his wars.

ST. GEORGE'S RECTORY, NEW YORK. W. S. RAINSFORD.

The Theatre of Arts and Letters

THE SECOND PERFORMANCE of the Theatre of Arts and Letters took place on Thursday, Jan. 26. Two pieces were presented—"The Harvest," a single scene by Mr. Clyde Fitch; and "The Squirrel Inn," which had been arranged in four acts by Mr. Frank Stockton and Mr. Eugene Presbrey from the former's well-known story. Surely no stranger pair of plays was ever brought before an audience in one evening, and it was impossible not to be reminded of the Wolf and the Lamb. Mr. Fitch's sketch was not without power of a crude and direct kind; but it showed clearly the defects of the new dramatic school, which finds its most complete expression on the boards of the Théâtre Libre of Paris. The chief article of belief in this school is that anything which may happen in real life is fit to be shown on the stage; while the older creed, of which Francisque Sarcey is the best-known mouthpiece, holds that anything is true on the stage which the playwright can make his audience believe, but that he must prepare their minds by degrees in order to gain the full effect of his climax.

Mr. Fitch shows us a realistic church, in which a realistic clergyman reads the wedding-service over a young couple in such a possible manner that we tremble lest they may find themselves really married under the easy-going law of this State. A conversation between his ushers before the groom's entrance has told us that he has sown many acres of wild oats in his bachelor days, and at the fateful pause in the service the church door bangs, and his Harvest appears, personified by a young woman who declares a just cause for stopping the marriage in the shape of her little boy. The bride is naturally shocked, but announces that she will stand by her fiancé, and orders the clergyman to go on. He hesitates, and the Harvest objects more and more forcibly, addressing herself first to the bride and then to the groom, until he, losing temper and taste together, strikes her down at the altar rail. The indignant bride calls him "coward," flings her bouquet at his feet, and takes refuge in the arms of an elderly uncle; the curtain falls, and we are left agape, as though we had devoured the last dozen pages of a dime-novel, or hung in breathless interest on the outskirts of a street-fight. Of the characters in the play we know nothing, and nothing of the circumstances which brought them into such violent contact; and it is hard to see the connection of this strenuous trifle with either letters or art.

The contrast between the loud bassoon of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Stockton's oaten stop and pastoral song was abrupt but not unpleasant, and the second piece had the charm of summer leisure, when there is nothing to do and all day long to do it in. The authors were fortunate in their interpreters, especially in finding Mr. Alexander Fisher and Miss May Robson to take the parts of old Stephen Petter and his wife. A woman with a sense of humor is a rarity, and it is rarer still to find a good-looking young woman who is willing to sacrifice her looks. But this Miss Robson always does remorselessly when it is necessary, and the result in the present instance is an artistic picture of an elderly New England woman, with an angular manner and a kind heart. "The Squirrel Inn" cannot boast any plot, or variety of incident, but Mr. Stockton's quaint fancy plays like sunlight on the green leaves, and we feel that we are at an authors' reading, pleasantly illustrated with views.

The Theatre of Art and Letters is a very interesting experiment, but so far it goes to confirm the opinion of those who do not believe in mute inglorious Miltons. Four plays have now been given, and it is safe to say that while any of them might be put upon a commercial stage, it is probable that none of them would be a commercial success. What is the reason? Is it that there are no unworked mines of dramatic talent, or that the best playwrights have not rallied to the new venture? As there is little authoritative dramatic criticism in this country, the question is somewhat difficult to decide, and in the meantime it is only fair to give the three performances which are yet to come the benefit of our faith and hope that they will not need to be judged with the third and greatest virtue.

The Fine Arts

The American Water-Color Society

THE PLACE OF HONOR at the Water-Color Exhibition at the National Academy of Design has been given to Sarah C. Sears's "Romola," a beautifully modelled head which is evidently a portrait. To it has also been awarded the Wm. T. Evans prize. Other paintings by the same artist are "La Marquise," a head; "A Spanish Girl," gorgeous in red shawl, pink dress and green sash; and "A Portrait," No. 374. In fact, all are portraits, and their merit may be said to be purely technical. Mr. John La Farge has expressed in his "Buddha" something of the eternal calm of the colossal bronze statue of Kamakura. His portrait of Miss Faäse, the "Taupō" of Sagaloo Bay ("Taupō," we are informed, means "sacred virgin") is chiefly interesting as a study of tropical sunlight on yellow skin and rich green foliage. He has a group of landscapes, distant islands tinted like mother of pearl, and forest-covered mountain slopes. Mr. J. H. Twachtman has one of his inimitable snow-scenes, "Winter"; a rain-freshened and breezy roadside, "After the Shower," and some Holland scenes, masterly sketches, but not quite up to his recent work. Mr. Ed. A. Bell has two small but well-studied compositions, remarkably rich and sober in tone, "Cowherds at Noon" resting on a heap of hay, and "The Ford Below the Bridge" with a flat-boat and an ox-wain, both laden with hay, essaying to cross it. The former is a little teased in execution owing to an endeavor to render the loose texture of the tumbled hay and the near foliage of the tree that shades it; but the composition, which is almost wholly of tones, not of lines, is charming. "The Ford" is, in every way, an excellent picture. Mr. Bell's work is not a little like that of the English water-colorist, William Hunt, but shows a breadth and freedom of brush work due, we suppose, to French or Dutch training. The last-named influence

is clearly traceable in Emma E. Lampert's "Through the Meadows in Holland," and in Clara McChesney's "The Old Cobbler" and "The Mother," all three full of excellent qualities and lacking nothing but a little originality. If we may judge by the effect upon our own eyes, Mr. Theodore Robinson is injuring his eye for color in the attempt to carry the "decomposition of tone" as far as his new master, Monet. It is not for every one who would to perform that trick. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, of whom we have not seen anything that we can recall for some years, reappears with a work which seems to us a vast improvement on his old-time productions. Not that we were indifferent to the rich coloring of his Eastern scenes, but we much prefer the graceful drawing and delicate sentiment of his "Summer," a happy party of mother, nurse and baby turned loose in a garden of lupines and hollyhocks. We must mention Mr. Thomas R. Manley's "Sunset Glow" among willows; Mr. Frederick B. Williams's "Gray Morning," with an old lady looming up very large in the foreground, a composition that might have a ludicrous effect in black and white, but is redeemed by its color; Mr. Walter Shirlaw's "A Holland Pasture," and his sketches of Cheyenne Indians; Mr. Arthur J. Keller's "Noon," Clara Weaver-Parrish's "Study of a Southern Negro," Walter L. Palmer's "The Brink of the Fall," moonlight on snow; C. Crum's "Sympathy," boy, sheep and lamb; Oliver Phelps Smith's "August Morning," and Caroline D. Wade's "An Old Fence."

Of the etchers who occupy the corridor, Mr. J. Alden Weir shows the most interesting group of works. His "Christmas," lady and child making wreaths of evergreens; his "Blacksmith Shop" and his "Washington Arch by Moonlight" show much intelligence in choice and treatment of subject. Mr. Twachtman who, up to the present, seems to have been feeling his way in etching, appears to know exactly what he is about in his "Old Houses in Holland," whose moss-grown, tiled roofs, picturesque gables, and the overshadowing trees are drawn with a stroke that is neither too free nor too precise. Mr. S. Colman's "Cypress Grove of Montezuma"; Mr. F. S. Church's tiger; Mr. C. H. Chapman's "Riverside," and several etchings by Mr. C. F. W. Mielatz are worthy of particular notice.

Art Notes

WHAT has proved to be a very successful plaster-cast of Bishop Brooks's face was taken just after his death by the sculptor Bartlett. A cast of his right hand also was taken.

A set of etchings by David Law of views in the "Burns Country" is on exhibition at Wunderlich's Gallery. The etcher is perhaps the strongest member of the contemporary "Scotch school," and the etchings include views of the "Twa Brigs" of Ayr by moonlight, the Burns Monument on the Doon, Afton Water, Alloway Kirk and Burns's birthplace.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote and Miss Mary J. Cassatt have been added to the New York Fine Arts Committee of the World's Fair, of which Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is Chairman.

The memorial tablet to James Russell Lowell, to be erected in Westminster Abbey, will be of marble, and bear a low-relief portrait, designed by Mr. George Frampton. The tablet will be placed in the Chapter House, beneath a stained-glass window commemorative of the distinguished author and diplomatist.

Notes

A SUITABLE memoir of the late Bishop Brooks, made up largely from his letters and papers, will be published in due course by his publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., by arrangement with the family.

It is rumored in publishing circles, and the report is said to have more foundation than rumors usually have, that Prof. Arthur S. Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman" and other successful novels, is to assume the editorship of *The Cosmopolitan* at no distant day. If this be true, Mr. Walker is to be congratulated upon having secured a most accomplished writer as editor for his magazine. Prof. Hardy and Mr. Walker were both West Pointers.

F. J. Schulte & Co. have in press for early publication a new book by Hamlin Garland entitled "Prairie Folks."

The London *Daily Telegraph* has good news for the lovers of comic opera. Many months ago it was known that the further collaboration of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan had become merely a question of time and convenience. The conjunction is now accomplished, and the musical public may expect another Gilbert-Sullivan opera at the Savoy next autumn. Mr. Gilbert has outlined the plot of his new work, and will shortly join Sir Arthur at Monte Carlo for the purpose of settling details.

An earnest work, embodying the results of long years of thought and study, is promised in "The Survivals of Christianity: Studies in the Theology of the Divine Immanence," shortly to be

issued by Macmillan & Co. The author, the Rev. Charles James Wood, compares Christian doctrines with those of other religions and with the various forms which Christian doctrines have assumed in the several stages of their historical development. After showing how the teachings of Jesus and His Apostles have been affected by contact with other modes of life and thought than theirs, as well as by the general inheritance of pre-Christian ideas, he proceeds to express emphatically constructive views upon important religious and social questions of the present day.

—The first private "gymnasium" (preparatory school for universities) for girls ever established in Germany is to be opened at Weimar at Easter.

—A volume of travels by M. Jules Michelet has recently been discovered and edited by his widow. It is called "On the Highways of Europe." Mrs. Mary J. Serrano has made a translation of the book which will be published by the Cassell Publishing Co. about the middle of February, some weeks in advance of its publication in France. The book is said to be in Michelet's most engaging manner, so that its appearance will prove a delight as well as a surprise to his admirers.

—The opening of the new place of amusement, the Empire Theatre, at Broadway and Fortieth Street, was successfully accomplished on Jan. 26. The play was a new one—"The Girl I Left Behind Me," by Franklin Fyles and David Belasco. Mr. Charles Frohman is the manager.

—A previously unpublished poem by Charlotte Brontë will form an interesting item in the February *Cornhill*.

—Phillips Brooks's popular sermon on the gains of growing old will be published in a few days by Messrs. Dutton with the title, "The Good Wine at the Feast's End." The proofs were corrected by the Bishop a short time before he died.

—Macmillan & Co. announce for this month a new volume by the author of "Marius the Epicurean," entitled "Plato and Platonism." It will be uniform with the last American edition of Mr. Pater's books. From the same publishers will come a novel treatment of the belief in a future state, under the title of "The Unseen World."

—The University of the City of New York has become the purchaser of the Paul de Lagarde Library, recently bequeathed to the Royal Society of Göttingen. The money to secure the collection has been guaranteed by some fifty citizens of New York. The Royal Society was disposed to sell it to a university which would keep it unbroken rather than to private dealers, and accepted a bid of \$7205. The Secretary of the Society has sent a cablegram notifying the university that it may expect a Government decree conveying the library to the University of the City of New York. The North German Lloyd Steamship Co. will bring the books to this country free of charge.

—The Millicent Memorial Library at Fairhaven, Mass., was dedicated on Jan. 30 in the presence of a large number of people from that town and surrounding places.

—"The Aim of the Novel" is the title of a dainty little volume by F. Marion Crawford which Macmillan & Co. have on the press. Mr. Crawford's papers published in *The Forum* are the foundation of the work, but are far from being the whole of it. The subject is one that he has been studying for years.

—The New York Kindergarten Association held its annual meeting at the Plaza Hotel on Jan. 31. The number of its kindergartens has increased from three in 1892 to eleven in 1893, caring for about 550 children gathered from the slums. Vice-President Hamilton W. Mabie presided and read the annual address. The Treasurer's report showed that the income for the year had been \$15,834.46, and the expenses, \$10,279.39. President Adolph L. Sanger of the Board of Education made an address, praising the efforts to prepare children for the public schools, and saying that by next month he hoped to see kindergartens established in thirty or forty primary (public) schools.

—Mr. J. Addington Symonds is at work upon a "Study of Walt Whitman" (the thinker and the writer, rather than the man), which he hopes to issue in a small volume. He is also preparing a third edition of his "Studies of Greek Poets," which will present the two series in chronological order.

—Within the past week the business of the United States Book Co., a publishing-house capitalized at about \$5,000,000, has been put into the hands of receivers; the receiver for the property of the Company in this State being Mr. Charles W. Gould, and in New Jersey Mr. Edward F. C. Young. Mr. Gould has been appointed receiver for the six sub-companies of the central concern—i. e., the Empire Publishing Co., National Book Co., International Book Co., Hovendon Co., Seaside Pub'g Co., and Lovell, Coryell & Co. The Company's Directors have discharged Mr. John W. Lovell, who organized the parent company and was its Vice-President, and

made various accusations against him, all of which he has indignantly denied. The President of the United States Book Co. is Mr. H. K. Thurber; its principal creditor is the Trow Directory Printing and Bookbinding Co., which has obtained an attachment for \$201,142.

—Gen. Abner Doubleday, who died at his home in Mendham, N. J., on Jan. 27, in his seventy-fourth year, was the author of "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," in Scribner's Campaigns of the Civil War Series; of "Reminiscences of Forts Moultrie and Sumter in 1861-2"; and of numerous articles on military and other matters.

—"Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, is the author of the illustrated article on Bucharest, the Roumanian capital, published in *Harper's Weekly* of Feb. 1, in the series on the Capitals of the World.

—*The Citizen* has been decided upon as the name of the new Philadelphia weekly, *The Point of View* being discarded. Mr. Henry Collins Walsh will be the managing editor; Mr. Francis Howard Williams the literary editor, and the following staff will have charge of departments and assist in the editorial work:—Mr. Harrison S. Morris, Prof. Angelo Heilprin, Miss Agnes Repplier, Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Thomas Earle White, Miss Anne H. Wharton and Prof. Edmund J. James.

—Mr. Barrie and Dr. Conan Doyle are to write the libretto of a comic opera to be produced at the Savoy Theatre, London.

—Mr. Kipling's father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling, author of "Beast and Man in India," has been so ill that he has been obliged to take six months' leave from India, and try the effect of a sea-voyage. He is at present in Australia.

—The success of Tennyson's "Foresters" at Daly's has been so great that it will probably be kept on the stage until the middle of February—perhaps longer.

—Mr. Isaac N. Ford, for many years the foreign editor of the New York *Tribune*, has written a book called "Tropical America," in which, as the result of nine months' sojourn in South America, he presents (with illustrations) an extended study of the social, political and commercial conditions of the people. The book will be published by the Scribners.

—A reception was given to Mr. Marion Crawford by the Authors' Club last Tuesday evening. There were about 150 members and guests present, and as might have been supposed, they had a very good time.

—A silver loving-cup was presented to Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu on Monday afternoon, at a reception given by the American Geographical Society. It bore the inscription:—"Presented to Paul B. du Chaillu by the officers and members of the council of the American Geographical Society, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his return from Africa after discovering the gorilla, the pygmies and the great equatorial forest of that country." President Charles P. Daly presented the cup to Mr. du Chaillu, and made a few remarks on the life and discoveries of the explorer.

—Adolphus Daudet, according to Paris papers, intends to visit England soon. Although he does not speak English, it is said that he is a great admirer of England and her people, Dickens being his favorite author. He will spend some time on the Isle of Wight, and go later to London.

—Ex-Congressman J. J. Little, the printer, has been appointed receiver for the Worthington Co., 747 Broadway.

—Hungarian papers report that the Empress of Austria has acquired such a mastery over modern Greek that she has been able to translate into that language, for her own gratification and without any aid, "Hamlet," "Lear" and "The Tempest." During the progress of her studies the Empress is said to have procured all the Neo-Hellenic translations of Heine's poems in order to read again the songs of her favorite poet.

—Mr. Henry W. Rolfe, Assistant Professor of English Literature at the University of Pennsylvania, is still suffering from the injury to his back received in a railway accident two weeks ago.

—The opening of Yale's new gymnasium, with a dedicatory address by ex-Judge Henry E. Howland of this city, on Jan. 23, followed by only three days the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have offered to erect on the College Campus a building for students' rooms, as a memorial of their son, William H. Vanderbilt, a member of the present Senior Class, who died last spring. It will take the place of the old "South" dormitory. The building is to be of stone, after the style of the ancient dormitory buildings at Oxford. It will be the largest and finest on the grounds. Mr. C. C. Haight of this city will design it. The painting of "The Yale Fence" by Mr. Alfred C. Howland, Judge Howland's brother, presented to the new gymnasium by Mr. Depew, is the original of the familiar photogravure by Klackner.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson's new volume of Polynesian tales, with illustrations by Messrs. Hatherall and Gordon Browne, will be published by Messrs. Cassell of London about Easter, probably under the general title of "Island Nights' Entertainment," and will consist of three stories, "The Beach of Falesa," "The Bottle-imp," and "The Isle of Voices." "The Adventures of David Balfour," now running in *Atlanta*, will be produced by the same publishers in book form in October. Mr. Stevenson reports himself well advanced with another Scottish novel, of which the scene is laid near Edinburgh about the close of the last century, and one of the principal personages is Lord Braxfield.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Canfield, W. B. Hygiene of the Sick Room. Phila.: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.
Densmore, E. How Nature Cures. Stillman & Co.
Dreyspring, A. French Reader on the Cumulative Method. 75c. Am. Book Co.
Dodel, A. Moses or Darwin? Tr. by F. W. Dodel. Commonwealth Co.
Duchess, The (Mrs. Hungerford). Lady Verner's Flight. 50c. J. A. Taylor & Co.
Dunbar, P. Oak and Ivy. \$2. Dayton: U. B. Pub. House.
Evans, E. E. A History of Religions. Commonwealth Co.
Edelweiss, O. von. Poems. Buffalo: Matthews-Northrup Co.
Fenn, G. M. A Secret Guest. 50c. J. A. Taylor & Co.
Fenn, G. M. The Grand Chaco. \$1.50. Tait, Sons & Co.

Greenwood, G. Stories and Sketches. \$1.
Gilliat, J. R. The Loyalty of Langreth. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.
Harben, W. N. A Mute Confessor. 50c. Boston: Arena Pub. Co.
Hyde, W. T. C. How Do You Spell It? \$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
King, A. E. Our Children of the Slum. 50c. D. D. Merrill Co.
Kirkland, E. S. Short History of English Literature. \$1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lewis, W. Clarke Aspinwall: A Biography. London: E. W. Allen.
Lowe, M. P. Bessie Grey. \$1. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
MacKie, C. P. Last Voyages of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea. \$1.75. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Nash, F. P. Two Satires of Juvenal. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
New Mexico: Report of Supt. of Public Instruction. Santa Fé: New Mexican Print. Co.
Parker, H. W. Hora Novissima. 32. 6d. Novello, Ewer & Co.
Peet, S. D. Prehistoric America: The Mound Builders. Vol. I. Office of the American Antiquarian.
Pollard, J. P., and Others. Figure Fiction. Chicago: W. J. F. Dalley.
Reid, C. A Comedy of Elopement. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Rousseau, J. J. Émile. Tr. by W. H. Payne. Ed. by W. T. Harris. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
Rowbotham, J. F. The Private Life of the Great Composers. \$2. T. Whittaker.
Robinson, H. P. Picture-Making in the Studio by Photography. 75c. Scoville & Adams Co.
Scott, W. Rob Roy. (Dryburgh Ed.) \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Thwaites, R. G. Our Cycling Tour in England. \$1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Thierry, G. A. Mysteries of the Court of Napoleon III. Tr. by E. I. R. and M. A. E. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Watson, W. Poems of. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
Wicks, F. The Veiled Hand. 50c. Harper & Bros.
Wood, H. Danbury House. Rand, McNally & Co.

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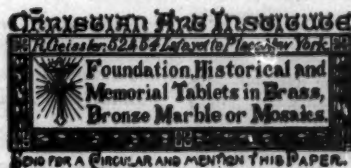
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